THE STARS MY DESTINATION

by

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Based on the novel by
Alfred Bester

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FADE IN:

To space. Deep, dark, cold and unforgiving. Except for the blazing orb we're moving toward.

THE SUN

Giant flames of hydrogen leap up, sunspots mar the perfection of its life-giving burn. Then we see something else moving toward it. Huge, pocked... the moon.

NEW WORLD CITY

93 million miles away, sits preoccupied with its sprawling, mindless mayhem, the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings tiny, faded facades against the superstructures of 2454... which start to fall into shadow.

AS A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

Begins, the moon's umbra casting an eerie pall over the crush of humanity. We hear children's VOICES, excited. And...

A TEACHER'S VOICE
Make sure you use your coronagraphs or you'll hurt your eyes...

ON A RUN-DOWN PLAYGROUND

In Queens a class of SECOND GRADERS stands amidst 25th century swings and slides, holding cardboard coronagraphs to their eyes.

TEACHER
...Those flashes of lights are Baily's Beads! Who remembers what those are?

A dozen hands go up. But the TEACHER, prim and proper, calls on the biggest lad in her class, the only one with his hand down.

TEACHER
Gulliver, we talked about this.

GULLIVER FOYLE, son of a working man, destined for the same, shuffles nervous.

GULLY
Um, they're, um, they come from...

LITTLE GIRL
The sun shining across the irregularities in the lunar surface.

TEACHER
You should have given Gulliver time, Doris. Alright, coronagraphs up, we're nearing totality.

The coronagraphs go back up, Gulliver's half-hearted, his little world growing darker around him.

We watch with him, the moon edging in front of the sun, blotting it out, leaving only the fiery halo of the corona. And a dark hole in the sky where the sun just was.

Then something flickers there, grows brighter and bigger as it comes toward us...

Gully blinks, checks his coronagraph for flaws, raises it back up... And his eyes go wide. Something's taking shape in the black void of the eclipse, the figure of a man.

A BURNING MAN

Floating down eerie, flame leaping from his very skin. Coming right at little Gully Foyle.

The coronagraph slowly lowers, Gully stares up spellbound. The apparition hovers there, eyes locked on the boy's.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Gully, hold up your coronagraph.

Gully doesn't hear, can't move, can only watch frozen as the Burning Man reaches out to him...

TEACHER'S VOICE
Don't look, Gulliver!

The Burning Man's finger stretches down, anoints Gully's forehead with a fiery touch...

Gully's spun around, the Teacher scolds.

TEACHER
Didn't you hear me, Gulli...

Her voice trails, seeing a burn dead-center on his forehead.

TEACHER
...What happened to you?

Gully just looks back to where the Burning Man was... but he's gone.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

TO A SPACESHIP

Lumbering tentative, its aim the distant blue rock Earth. Painted on the NOMAD'S gray hulking carapace is a timeless plea for mercy -- the red cross.

IN THE NOMAD'S SICK BAY

Lie bodies in gel-filled stasis tanks, ripped open with wounds, missing limbs, party favors of war. MEDICS check biometers, keep them alive. ONE eyes the dogtags of a soldier cut in half below the navel, CHARLES POE.

MEDIC #1
Look at the bright side, half-a-Chuck, can't wear out a platinum pecker.

He laughs, sees WANDA MARIGOLD, female orderly, small, not pretty, filling IV bags.

MEDIC #1
Can you Wanda?

MEDIC #2
Wanda wouldn't know, she's never had had any pecker.

Wanda blushes, #1 gives her a slap on the ass, heads out laughing with his buddy. Half-a-Chuck speaks through his slime.

HALF-A-CHUCK
You oughtta tell that mechanic of yours about those assholes.

WANDA
If I did you'd have company in that tank.

She turns to help the next casualty, but a WAILING klaxon freezes her in her tracks. Half-a-Chuck mumbles disbelieving.

HALF-A-CHUCK
Attack warning... somebody's attacking!

WANDA
But we're a hospital ship...

BOOM! A protean torpedo explodes on a deck above, rocks sick bay to PANDEMONIUM. Wanda screams.

WANDA
Gully?!!

CUT TO:

THE ENGINE ROOM

The old particle-splitter's POUNDING for all she's worth, trying to outrun what she can't. BOOM! Another torpedo sends up geysers of spark and steam.

A big mechanic's mate, third-class, THUNDERS out of it. Work shirt, steel-toed boots, hands that'll never know clean.

GULLIVER FOYLE

Grown up strong, not much of a talker, but a man who means what he says, pounds up a catwalk. An intercom barks.

FIRST MATE'S VOICE
We've got incoming, Foyle, I need the ion-shield now!

GULLY
I'm trying, sir!

Gully grabs a metal pipe, powers up the ship's iron intestines. Slaps a whirling hydrostat, picks up grease...

THROWS HIMSELF

Into an abyss. Grabs a spinning chain, slides down. Lands in the nerve center of his mechanical world. Punches a bank of buttons, flashing green to red.

FIRST MATE'S VOICE
Foyle...!

Gully whacks a palm at the juice button. ZZZTTT! Sparks jump, short the seldom-used circuit. Gully yells up.

GULLY
Problem! Gotta go manual!

BOOM! Another blast blows out the lights, knocks Gully down.

A DOLLY

Shoots under a square mile of pulsing computer guts. Gully yanks himself along, flashlight in his mouth, finds a seam in the steel belly. Reaches up, grabs a handle marked (-). Yanks it down.

OUTSIDE THE SHIP

A titanium power-post erects from the Nomad's nose. Beyond, two ATTACK SHIPS launch torpedoes at their foundering prey.

GULLY

Yanks the other handle, a big (+) on its metal casing.

GULLY
Shield coming the hard way, sir!!

ANOTHER POST

Erects from the Nomad's aft. And a WEB OF IONIC CURRENT rips from it, lightnings around the ship, reaching for the neg node out front. About to electronically shield the ship... KA-BOOOM!

A torpedo slams the node first, the current ZAPS wild into space, takes out one of the Attackers. Then turns on its creator... SHOCKS the piss out of the Nomad.

ON THE NOMAD'S COMMAND DECK

Everyone touching metal fries, flesh to skeleton to ash in a million gigawatt CRACK. The First Mate blinks at his captain's dust, makes a command decision.

FIRST MATE
To the pods! Leave the wounded!

GULLY'S

Caught under the metal belly of the beast... on rubber wheels. Moving fast on the dolly, dodging arcing currents, heading for...

GULLY
Wanda-aaaaaa!!!

SICK BAY

Looks like managed care. Pouring smoke, bodies flying out of stasis tanks, Medics ignoring the wounded, running for lifepods. Gully BANGS in, screams.

GULLY
Wanda!!

WANDA
Here, Gully!

He sees her struggling to free Half-a-Chuck from his overturned tank. Pushes through the chaos, heaves the thing.

GULLY
Grab hold!

Half-a-Chuck clutches the big man's belt. Runs with Wanda for the pods, the half-man swinging from his waist.

IN THE LOADING BAY

The lifepods REV for ripaway. The crew's jamming into them like a Tokyo subway, the doors start to close...

Wanda and Gully burst in, Half-a-Chuck still clinging. Gully lunges... catches a closing hatch knee-level, fights the hydraulics, yells through gritted teeth.

GULLY
Crawl under!

Half-a-Chuck pulls his legless body under the heavy door. But Wanda stays at Gully's side, explosions all around her.

WANDA
Not without you!

Gully turns to Half-a-Chuck, safe in the pod, yells.

GULLY
Open it!

Half-a-Chuck eyes the OPEN button, the crush of crew behind him... turns to his benefactor with a shrug.

HALF-A-CHUCK
No room, kids.

Gully blinks disbelieving... gets over it fast. There's TWO PROTON ROCKETS coming hard at the pods. He grabs Wanda, hurtles back with her... KA-BOOM!

THE NOMAD

Goes off like the Fourth of July. A string of blasts gut it to the bone, send the medical ship spiraling off into oblivion.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

An incredible dance of color and movement. Jupiter's swirling moons, Saturn's stunning rings, the brilliant blue of Earth. From Mercury to Pluto the planets orbit around the sun, their anchor in the universe.

Something EXPLODES on the surface of Venus, we hear a voice.

VOICE
A hundred thirty thousand dead on the Ishtar Highlands of Venus.

(another explosion)
The Tethys Moon of Saturn: Eighty six thousand died in two hours.
(an explosion on Mars)
The Ambush at the Tharsis Bulge, 1.5 million casualties.

We pull back, see the solar system is but a hologram in the center of a massive domed hall.

THE GALACTIC U.N.

Is gathered, humanity's reach represented by DELEGATES from each of the planets, divided on opposite sides of the war, the hall.

The Outer Planets: Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto stare across at their sworn enemies, the delegates of the Inner Planets: Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars.

President MAHMOUD JONES of Earth, Egyptian looking, Texas talking, continues.

JONES
Three atrocities, linked by a common thread. All occurred during a mutual cease-fire, while we talked peace.
(turns)
I'd like to introduce the head of Inner Planet Defense, Alan Presteign of Presteign Enterprises.

The silver-haired man behind President Jones, ALAN PRESTEIGN, no bullshitter, steps to the dais, acknowledges the enemy.

PRESTEIGN
I come to you today with a simple plan. We'll pull back from the Martian DMZ. Remove all protean space mines. And give back the Fifth Ring captured in Saturn's Seven Year Conflict.

MURMURS from both sides, a magnanimous gesture to be sure. Presteign goes for the close.

PRESTEIGN
But we need you to do something for us. Each of the atrocities President Jones mentioned were perpetrated by one man. A man whose actions have perpetuated the Solar War, in fact seem designed to do just that...

VOICES on both sides start to rise. Support from the I.P. delegation, objection from the O.P.

PRESTEIGN
We ask the members of the Outer Planets to prove your commitment to peace. We ask you to turn over Colonel Dagenham to face a war crimes tribunal.

Delegates SHOUT the proposal up and down. The Head of the Outer Planets, GENERAL RANGFROID, quiets his subordinates. Speaks to the assemblage.

RANGFROID
While your proposal is intriguing, Mr. Presteign, you and your Inner-Planet colleagues know atrocities have been committed by both sides...

YANG YEOVIL, head of I.P. Intelligence, steps to Presteign, slips him a note. He scans it, face reddening.

RANGFROID
...And while we cannot accept your proposal, let it be known we too are committed to a peaceful resolution.

PRESTEIGN
Committed to peace, my ass.

The room goes silent at the breach in etiquette. Presteign holds up the note in a trembling hand.

PRESTEIGN
O.P. cruisers just destroyed one of our hospital ships bearing twenty-seven thousand wounded!

The hall ERUPTS in ACCUSATIONS, DENIALS. The delegations surge toward each other. GUARDS from both sides tense, hands on their sidearms... President Jones yells over the clamor.

PRESIDENT JONES
These negotiations are over, you sons of solar bitches!

The Inner Planet reps pull back edgy, file out quick. Presteign catches up to Yang Yeovil.

PRESTEIGN
Which ship was destroyed, Mr. Yeovil?

YEOVIL
The Nomad.

CUT TO:

THE FAR EDGE OF SPACE

The nearest star lightyears away. The Nomad floats shelled out and twisted in the frozen void. On the screen a graphic.

176 Days Later

The HISSING of an airvalve draws us to the ship. We push through a rupture in the shell, move into the command deck, split open, dark, dead. Push down a blasted corridor, the airvalve's HISSING growing louder, pulling us toward...

THE BOWELS OF THE BULKHEAD

Gutted, chunks of machinery floating helter-skelter in the grav-less void. The HISSING draws us to a shadowed tool locker. A glint of starlight shows a man's face in its tiny window, staring out blank.

Gully Foyle whispers hollow.

GULLY
Help us gods... help is all.

WE GO INSIDE THE TOOL LOCKER

Feel the squeeze of the wreck's only oxygenated space, not much more than a coffin for the big man who's been too long inside.

A MOAN rises over the HISSING of his jerryrigged oxygenator. Gully turns to Wanda, wrapped in blankets. Eases them back, carefully changes the bloody bandage around her stomach.

Wanda grimaces bleary, focuses on the little window, a glimmering constellation framed in it.

WANDA
...It's still there, Gully.

GULLY
What?

WANDA
The Big Dipper, we haven't moved... You said you could rig the engine.

GULLY
I will, it just takes time.

WANDA
How much time?

Gully bites his lip, starts putting on a new dressing. Wanda borders on delirium.

WANDA
We can't wait, Gully, we've got to get married now... let's do it now.

GULLY
Alright, next time I see a preacher orbiting past I'll flag him down.
(grabs a space ration)
Now come on, you gotta keep your strength.

WANDA
You're not telling me something.

GULLY
Just eat, Wanda.

WANDA
No. Not until you tell me...

GULLY
Not telling you anything! You've gotta eat!

WANDA
(slaps the bar away)
What's going on with the engine, Gully?!

GULLY
Nothing, alright, I fixed it! Spent a hundred and seventy days fixing an engine that's got no fuel!! There's no fuel, understand, no goddamn fuel!!!

Gully's big voice echoes to quiet, leaves only their BREATHING, and the HISSING valve. Wanda blinks back tears.

WANDA
You shouldn't have saved me, Gully... should've let me die with the rest.

Gully hears the HISSING sound fading sudden. Looks to the oxygenator... its gauge heading into red.

GULLY
Damn.

He snatches up his helmet, fills his suit with the last of the tank's oxygen, ready to do what he's done every day since the attack. Wanda watches, mumbles.

WANDA
Why even bother...

GULLY
So we can live twelve more hours,
Wanda... and twelve more after that.
(gives her back the food)
Now you eat.

Gully sets his watch at five minutes, the suit's max. Yanks open the hatch... WHOOSH!

OUTSIDE THE LOCKER

Gully slams the airlock. Hurtles weightless for the dark side of the ship, debris trailing him like a comet.

CUT TO:

A ROW OF OXYGEN TANKS

In the shadows of the ballast hold. We hear Gully's BREATHING, he barrels in, wrestles free a cylinder. Checks his clock. 2:15... 2:14.

GULLY
Late, Gully, you're late.

He heaves the tank, himself after it.

THE OXYGEN TANK

Spins end over end... CLANKS off a doorway, kicks to the ceiling of the bay. Gully hurries in, sees it lodged in a sea of floating corpses. Pushes up for the can of life, gasps over his suit's souring air.

GULLY
Sorry, dead.

CLANG!

Gully and the tank bang off the tool locker. He struggles with the heavy latch, his suit's clock on 00:00, BREATH ragged, strength fading fast... CLICK.

Gully pulls himself inside, but the tank gets caught in the door. Wanda feels the last of the locker's air going, the freezing vacuum rushing in.

WANDA
Gully...!

The Mechanic blinks delirious, squeezes the can inside. Kicks blind at the door, gets it shut. His fingers fumble with the tank's valve, his lungs sucking at nothing...

FSSSTT.

Oxygen hisses out, fills the locker... but not Gully's sealed suit. He claws at his helmet's release, GASPING on the razor's edge of death.

CLICK. Wanda finds the helmet's latch. Gully SUCKS air desperate. Wanda pulls him close. Gully passes out.

CUT TO:

THE STARS

Glimmering weak through the locker's porthole. We hear a SCREECH, metal on metal. Find Gully, screwdriver in hand, etching on his coffin's wall.

GULLY'S POEM
Gully Foyle is my name
And Terra is my nation
Deep space is my dwelling place
And death's my destination.

Gully looks to Wanda lying near-dead beside him. Gazes out at the eternal stars... notices one moving. He turns away, has seen this illusion before.

GULLY
Don't be tricking me.

Gully looks again. Sees the light moving closer. Swallows, feeling something that scares him more than death. Hope. Closes his eyes, whispers desperate.

GULLY
Listen to me gods, I'm talking about a deal here. If it's a ship, I'm yours, you own me. But if you're tricking me, I unseal right now and blow our guts.

He opens his eyes. And sees a spaceship, white and beautiful in the black, rockets firing it closer to the deadrot of the Nomad.

Gully whirls to Wanda, shakes her shoulders gentle.

GULLY
You wanted to see angels, Wanda, wake up and I'll show you one.

CUT TO:

THE BATTERED BRIDGE

Gully hurries in his spacesuit, carrying Wanda in hers. He finds a control panel still intact. DISTRESS.

GULLY
Cross your fingers.

WANDA
They already are.

Gully presses the button.

A FLARE FIRES

From the Nomad's guts, EXPLODES in signal light. The approaching ship cuts its engines, slows alongside the spacewreck.

Gully sees the colors proud on its hull, the same as the Nomad's.

GULLY
One of ours, Wanda...
(kisses her helmet)
You want to get married, let's go home and do it!

Wanda smiles in Gully's strong grasp, tears welling. The rescue ship angles abreast, its port windows beckoning, its ID letters big as condos -- VORGA.

Gully waves, tears washing the madness from his eyes.

A SUDDEN ROAR

Startles them both -- the firing of the Vorga's engines. Gully blinks, watches the angel start to leave.

GULLY
No...

WANDA
...Gully?

GULLY
We're here...! WE'RE HERE!!

But the Vorga just accelerates away, implacable. Gully pounds wild at the distress panel.

A BARRAGE of flares EXPLODE in a madness of color. Pulsing, pleading... to no avail.

Gully stares shaken at the betraying ship. Wanda watches with him, every bit of hope draining from her, too much to bear...

A twisted shard of metal floats past, shows her an end to her misery. Gully doesn't see Wanda grasp it, summon the last of her strength... RI-IP!

Gully whirls, sees the gash Wanda cut in her suit. The air rushing out, crystallizing in a shroud of white death around her.

GULLY
Wanda noooo!!

He dives on her, grips the rip, tries to somehow save her air, her life... But the vacuum of space is crushing her lungs, freezing the blood in her veins.

Gully twists desperate at the fabric of her suit, tries to knot it closed. But her hand touches his, lets him know it's futile. He leans close, puts his helmet's glass to hers...

Wanda's eyes lock on his, her lips move soundless.

WANDA
...love you, Gully.

And then it's over. Gully stares a long moment into the face of the woman he loved, her eyes freezing to lifeless pools of ice.

He looks up slow, his grief giving way to something darker. Stares at the receding tailjets of the angel that killed her.

His eyes start to burn. His jaw sets in a primal grimace. And his voice comes inhuman.

GULLY
VOR-GAAAAA!!

CUT TO:

THE NOMAD

Turning slowly over on itself, its facade falling into its own dark shadow. On a ruptured hull joist on the farthest reach of the ship Gully stands, Wanda in his arms, mumbling a benediction.

GULLY
I'm going to figure a way out of here, Wanda, find who left you to die...
(kisses her cheek)
They'll know pain, I swear it.

He pushes her away. Watches her float off toward the constellation fixed above -- The Big Dipper's outline seems to encase her, draw her into its black nothingness...

That flares sudden, the star at the Dipper's handle bursting to a supernova. It burns bright and distant for a moment, dies down... until it's nothing.

Gully stares at the cosmic eulogy, at Wanda disappearing into the universal sea. Turns for the ship... but pulls up quick.

Something's hovering in the corridor's distant shadows, aflame somehow in the empty air.

THE BURNING MAN

He saw as a kid, tongues of fire leaping from his skin. Gully stares disbelieving, heart THUMPING in his ears. The apparition holds his eyes... disappears into the depths of the ship.

GULLY

Moves wary up the corridor, toward a wash of firelight coming from the Nomad's bay. Swallows, edges through the door, looks up to the high ceiling...

And sees him there, floating in the midst of the Nomad's dead, throwing his hellish light on the countless bodies we saw before.

The Burning Man flickers. Then seems to come apart... his lineaments swirling away to nothing... like he was never there at all.

Gully's left alone, shaken, in the morbid hold. Staring at the dead bodies.

CUT TO:

A DEAD MAN'S FACE

Frozen in scream, skin crystallized to black ice. We pull back, see he's strapped on the nose of a Dakkar Interceptor, a nasty looking O.P. warship blazing across the solar system.

ON THE DAKKAR

A pair of IV bags drip. One blood, the other a metal-gray liquid. They course together, needle into the arm of an irradiated, glowing-green O.P. Commander.

COLONEL DAGENHAM

Watches his transfusion with cold eyes, feels the renewed vigor of his leaded plasma. His LIEUTENANT, big, respectful, steps in.

LIEUTENANT
We're nearing the Nomad's coordinates, Colonel.

Dagenham sits up quick, yanks out his IV. His MEDIC goes after.

MEDIC
Sir, your lead treatment's not...

WHACK! A sharp backhand from the Colonel shuts him up quick.

ON THE DAKKAR'S DECK

Stands Dagenham's CREW and COMMANDOS, cool and deadly in O.P. uniforms, tight on their instrument panels. Dagenham strides in.

DAGENHAM
Status.

NAVIGATOR
Should have visual momentarily, sir.

DAGENHAM
Good.
(to a Tech)
Give me the schematic.

A gridded 3-D blueprint of the Nomad comes up on the Dakkar's holoscreen. Dagenham points into the schematic's guts.

DAGENHAM
Prior to the attack on the Nomad, the cargo was hidden here. Scheme two please.

The image changes, shows the Nomad now blown to shit, corridors and holds splayed wide. A swath of light diagrams a way through the wreckage.

DAGENHAM
We board, secure, and extract along this path. Any questions?

COMMANDO #1
We've had no ships in this sector, Colonel, how did we get scheme two?

DAGENHAM
Not your concern, Corporal.

COMMANDO #2
The Nomad's blown to hell, how do we know the cargo's not?

DAGENHAM
The cargo's impregnable.

COMMANDO #3
Survivors, sir?

DAGENHAM
Apparently there are. Remedy that.

NAVIGATOR
We've got visual, Colonel.

DAGENHAM
Show me a ship, Ensign.

The Nomad's schematic blips away... becomes nothing but empty space. Dagenham looks to his Navigator.

DAGENHAM
Check your coordinates.

NAVIGATOR
I have, sir.

DAGENHAM
Its engines were shredded, no means of propulsion. Re-check Ensign, there's got to be a ship there.

NAVIGATOR
Sir, don't mean to contradict, sir, but I've already...

DAGENHAM
Jim, do you know why Commander Werzog is hanging on the nose of our ship?

NAVIGATOR
He attacked the Nomad without your permission, sir.

DAGENHAM
That's right, the Nomad's very important to me. So I'd like you to get back on your instruments and show me the fucking ship. Are you going to do that, Jim?

NAVIGATOR
(swallows)
Sir, I've got a lock on the coordinates and space debris. There was a ship here, but it's not here any...

Dagenham's hand comes deadly, grips the Navigator's neck in a killing clench. He GURGLES, tries to break free.

But his strangulation's merciless, quick. Dagenham's nuclear poison melts the Navigator's skin, fuses throat to bone, sears right through to his spinal cord.

The Navigator drops dead, his head cauterized to his chest. Dagenham speaks terse.

DAGENHAM
Get this piece of shit off my deck. And someone, anyone, figure out how a dead ship can vanish into THIN-FUCKING-SPACE!

CUT TO:

AN EQUATION

Or better, a hundred of them, scribbled on a massive chalkboard. A man stands on a mechanized pedestal, rising up and down, focusing his formula toward conclusion.

MAN
Exponential expansion... divided by the square of its rescidivistic velocity... And when we factor in the X-factor, adrenal extrapolation, we prove...

The man turns, shows a face tattooed hideous like an ancient Maori mask. Inked across his forehead his name -- EINSTEIN.

EINSTEIN
...E no long equals just MC squared.

TWENTY MEN AND WOMEN, inked wild like their leader, names emblazoned like his, BUZZ under the crazed mosaic of salvaged glass that roofs their asteroid's lecture hall.

NEWTON
Adrenalin, brilliant! The time-space continuum is conquered!

MADAME CURIE
No longer will we need spaceships -- our minds are the vehicle of the future!

EINSTEIN
Precisely. Allow me demonstrate.

Einstein pulls back a curtain, reveals OPPENHEIMER, a fidgety scientist in a thick glass box. About four feet from him sit two primitive devices. A bell and a bomb.

EINSTEIN
This year's volunteer shall break down his molecular structure, project it from his perilous location here, and reconfigure himself, "jaunt" if you will, into the safety of this box here.
(gestures to a box across the room)
Are you ready to fulfill the prophecy, Oppy?

OPPENHEIMER
(manages a nod)
For science.

But the oldest Sci-Man stands in protest. Hair gone long and gray, a hint of wild in his eyes -- PTOLEMY.

PTOLEMY
Hang on, Albert, were you the one given the domino thirty years ago, or was that me?

Albert stays quiet. Ptolemy stays on him.

PTOLEMY
And the prophecy, as I recall, didn't say anything about us trying to jaunt, it said we're supposed to protect the man who **can** jaunt when he shows up on a ship called DayStar. You keep blowing up scientists, there won't be anyone left when the real deal shows up.

The room grows hushed, the schism weighing heavy on the scientific community. Einstein clears his throat.

EINSTEIN
Oppenheimer, do you have faith in science?

OPPENHEIMER
Quantity sufficient.

The whole room confirms with intellectual fervor.

SCIENTISTS
Holy Darwin!!

PTOLEMY
(sits down with a mutter)
It's your ass, Oppy.

Einstein clicks an arming device.

EINSTEIN
The bell will ring a half-second before the bomb detonates, giving Oppenheimer the adrenalin surge necessary to jaunt himself to safety. Observe.

Einstein steps back, the high-minded lean forward. Oppenheimer looks from the bomb to the bell, focuses his mind...

DING. The bell goes off. Oppenheimer tenses, tries to jaunt... KA-BOOM!

Goes nowhere but oblivion. The scientists avert their eyes. Ptolemy shakes his head, disgusted.

PTOLEMY
Back to the old drawing board, huh Albert?

Einstein just stares somber. A BEEPING turns everyone's attention. Galileo hurries to a...

MAKESHIFT TELESCOPE

A microscope soldered to a Nikon camera lens welded ragged to thick tubing marked "Hubbel." Peers through.

GALILEO
A ship... coming right for us.

The Scientists BUZZ anew. Ptolemy steps to Galileo.

PTOLEMY
It's DayStar... gotta be the DayStar.

GALILEO'S TELESCOPE POV

Shows the remains of a red cross ship spiraling through space, I.D. letters charred but legible. Galileo gives Ptolemy a look.

GALILEO
It's called Nomad.

CUT TO:

MASSIVE CATAPULTS

Rigged from space-junk, mounted to the asteroid's wasteland of salvaged spaceship fused right into its rocky surface. Winches draw back space-suited Sci-Men, grappling hooks in hand, mile-long bungies on their belts...

CHING! CHING! CHING!

The scientists wing weightless from their asteroid, vector in on the coming craft.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The grappling hooks lasso the Nomad, the Sci-men peer down into the gutted engine room.

GULLY FOYLE

Works feverish over a jerryrigged engine, tank of oxygen on his back, eyes cold. Shoveling grotesque fuel into the motor's burning mouth...

THE NOMAD'S DEAD

Gully doesn't notice the Sci-men, keeps hurling in bodies and parts, stoking the engine with their remains.

The Sci-People watch the grisly proceedings, mutter analytical.

NEWTON
Carbon propellant.

GALILEO
Ingenious.

Newton raises a space-rifle, aims for Gully's back. PFFTT.

A DART

Rips into Gully's shoulder, he whirls ferocious, launches himself at the Sci-men... Goes limp half-way to them. Galileo reels him in, Madame Curie checks him out good.

MADAME CURIE
Mmm, arrival of the fittest.

CUT TO:

A CENTRIFUGE

Clanking rhythmic. An autoclave geysers. A fluoroscope spits lightning through steamy air. The Sci-women dance wild around Gully, strapped to a vertical gurney.

His eyes open groggy, he tries to sit up... but the immobilizer's steel bands hold him tight. He sees the marred faces, Einstein stepping up, thick needle in hand.

EINSTEIN
We descend from pure science, turn our backs on the war. All who come must remain, reproduce, dedicate their face for the cause. Most scientific!

SCI-PEOPLE
(bellow ceremonial)
Holy Darwin!

The women, veiled only by their tattoos, gyrate closer. Einstein gestures Gully's attention to them.

EINSTEIN
The Scientific People practice natural selection, be genetic in your choice.

GULLY
Vorga... I want Vorga.

EINSTEIN
...We have no one named Vorga. I'll choose for you... after your indoctrination.

He flicks on his needle, it HUMS pneumatic. The women dance faster, the centrifuge CLANKS louder, lightning CRACKLES. Einstein sinks the needle deep into Gully's forehead...

CUT TO:

GULLY'S EYES

Opening slow... two tattooed faces stare down at him. One old, the gray-haired scientist named Ptolemy. One tiger-striped horrible, NOMAD imprinted on his forehead. Gully growls.

GULLY
Who're you?

PTOLEMY
Either you're blind or you can't read.
(touches his labeled forehead)
I'm Ptolemy...

He jiggles the mirror he holds in his other hand.

PTOLEMY
And you're the guy we dragged in from the Nomad.

Gully blinks at the reflection of his painted face, NOMAD etched painful on his forehead. Struggles at his bindings, roars.

GULLY
Why the hell'd you do this... I want the VORGA!

PTOLEMY
So you've been saying.

Ptolemy leans over Gully, dabs at his face with a cool cloth, nods down.

PTOLEMY
Straps are titanium, you'll hurt your wrists if you keep straining like that.

GULLY
Who the hell are you people?

PTOLEMY
To tell you the truth, I'm not sure anymore. We used to be scientists, came here because we'd gotten tired of inventing new ways to kill people. Left the war behind, planned to live a rational, simple life... but something happened.

GULLY
Enough history, old man.

PTOLEMY
Isn't history I'm concerned about, it's the future.

Ptolemy hears FOOTSTEPS from the corridor, gets quiet, tense. Waits till they pass, leans close to the newcomer.

PTOLEMY
I was about your age when a... I know this sounds strange, but an "apparition" came to me. Showed me the shape of the end of humanity, told me there was only one person in God's creation that could stop it, and that person would one day come to our asteroid... I guess what I'm wondering is, are you that fella.

GULLY
(speaks even)
Tell you what, old man, if you let me up right now I might not kill you.

PTOLEMY
Oh just humor me, would you, no one else round here does.
(fishes in his pocket)
Take a look at this, see if it means anything to you.

He pulls out an old space domino, but before he can show it to Gully the hatch BANGS open. Einstein and Newton step in, pull up sudden when they see Ptolemy.

NEWTON
...Who let you in here?

EINSTEIN
What're you doing with the new gamete?!

PTOLEMY
(slips the domino back in his pocket)
...Nothing, just giving ol' Nomad here the low-down on his breeding schedule.
(winks at Gully)
Hope you enjoy spending time on your back, buddy, we'll chat later.

Ptolemy ducks out. Einstein throws a suspicious look after him, steps to Gully, pats his shoulder.

EINSTEIN
We have much to accomplish, Nomad.

CUT TO:

AN ACETYLENE TORCH

Welding the Nomad's red cross onto a towering piece of "found art." A hundred feet high, angled 45 degrees, fairly phallic.

DA VINCI, high on scaffolding in his space cruiser turned artist loft, hears his door open. Sees Madame Curie wheeling Gully, still strapped on the immobilizer, into his bedroom.

DA VINCI
Ah, the new gamete!

MADAME CURIE
(calls up indignant)
Not so new anymore, I will be his third coupling this morning.

DA VINCI
(raises an eyebrow)
Holy Darwin.

Madame strokes Gully's thighs. He strains at his tethers.

GULLY
I'm tired of copulating with painty-blue bitches!

The Madame pulls open her gown, reveals a fine figure beneath her tattooed head. Leans down to give Gully some... The hatch behind rises open.

JISBELLA MCQUEEN

Servant-girl for the high-minded, her face unmarred by tattoo, steps in, bows.

JISBELLA
Come to clean the loos.

DA VINCI
Now's not good, Barren One! Away!

MADAME CURIE
(climbs onto Gully)
We are deeply involved in science.

Jisbella bows low again... comes up with three feet of pipe. KNOCKS the Madame off Gully, Da Vinci whirls confounded.

DA VINCI
...Unprovoked hostility!!

The pipe flies hard and sure. THOCK. Da Vinci topples, bangs off his giant erection, PLOPS ugly at Jiz's feet.

JISBELLA
Been provokin' me five years, Leon.
(starts unstrapping Gully)
I'm Jisbella McQueen, I got a Volvo Weekender and fuel, can't fly it. Figure anyone who crosses the Sargasso Belt burning bone can.

GULLY
(eyes her wary)
You're not one of them?

JISBELLA
No, reeled me in just like you. When they found out I couldn't have babies they didn't waste their ink.

A holo-screen blinks to life behind them. Einstein's image appears, eyeing a chart.

EINSTEIN
Mating update on the new gamete, Madame...

His voice dies, seeing the carnage, Jisbella freeing Gully.

EINSTEIN
Dry One, what're you doing?!

JISBELLA
Getting off your rock, you pointy-headed prick!

EINSTEIN
...Blasphemy! BLASPHEMY!

He pounds a button, an air raid SIREN blasts deafening. Gully gets loose, runs with Jisbella for the door.

JISBELLA
What's your name, Spaceman?

GULLY
Gulliver Foyle.

JISBELLA
I hope you got your land legs, Gulliver, if these lunatics catch us they'll dissect us like toads.

CUT TO:

EINSTEIN

Yanking down scavenged weapons from an arsenal, strapping them on the diminutive frames of his cohorts.

EINSTEIN
We cannot allow them escape, they'll bring their war to our colony!

They CLANK eager into the hallway... freeze. Gully Foyle's thundering up the corridor, Jiz at his heels.

EINSTEIN
Commence retribution!!

Newton and Galileo fumble their heavy loads, commence too late. Gully BOWLS them over, grabs a lepton bazooka, runs on with Jiz.

CUT TO:

THE VOLVO WEEKENDER

A galactic yacht put to pasture. Jiz bursts in, Gully at her heels. They run through a control room teeming with houseplants, into an engine room turned kitchen. Gully eyes a muscular inboard wired to the appliances.

GULLY
The things they do to an engine.

JISBELLA
Yeah, and it always burns the toast. Can you get her flying?

Gully rips through the appliances, digs into the Volvo's inboard. Rams a cadmium diode into a thruster plate, gets a SPARK from the main boosters. From behind comes a voice, urgent.

VOICE
You can't leave till I show you the domino!

Jisbella grabs the bazooka, whirls on old Ptolemy standing in the door. He puts up a hand.

PTOLEMY
Waited thirty years, Jisbella, gotta know if he's the one!

JISBELLA
Oh hell, Ptol, give **up** on that shit!

GULLY
(yells at Jiz)
Get him out!

JISBELLA
You and I've been pals, old man, but this is bad timing, you've gotta go!

PTOLEMY
He's supposed to come in my lifetime, Jiz, the Burning Man promised!

CLUNK. The wrench drops from Gully's hand, he turns, just stares at Ptolemy. He sees Gully's reaction, speaks shaky.

PTOLEMY
Jesus christ, you've seen him, haven't you... you've seen the Burning Man.
(pushes past Jisbella)
You're the one he told me about, you know the StarKiller!

The old scientist sticks his domino in Gully's face. He stares at it. Sees the dots have been seared away, a pyramidal shape burned in, eerie. An OBELISK, an eye at its apex...

JISBELLA'S VOICE
Got trouble, Spaceman!

Gully whirls, sees armed Sci-men coming hard at the other portal. Yells at Jiz.

GULLY
Said get him outta here!

Gully dives back into the engine, Jisbella jams the bazooka in Ptolemy's face, stumbles him back.

JISBELLA
Don't make me ruin that tattoo!

PTOLEMY
Give him the Domino, Jisbella, he won't know his Purpose without it!

JISBELLA
(snatches it away)
You get off this ship, I'll eat the goddamn thing!

She knocks Ptolemy out the hatch, slams the door in his face. Runs to the portal, FIRES lepton charges at the Sci-People, holds them off. Gully hotwires the starter...

WHROOM!

The Volvo's engine SCREAMS to life, shudders at the welds that cement it to the asteroid.

IN THE YACHT

Jiz throws a last blast of lepton fire, yanks the portal shut. Gully pours on the thrusters, trying to shake loose.

METAL SQUEALS

Horrible as the yacht twists, finally shakes free. FIRES into space like a fighter off a carrier.

THE SCI-PEOPLE

Scatter, take refuge from the blazing lift-off, everyone except Ptolemy. He stands his ground, ignoring the rocket's heat, watching after Gulliver Foyle.

ON THE YACHT

Jisbella yips, lifts her skirt, shows her ass to the 'stroid she's leaving.

JISBELLA
Tattoo this!
(turns to Gully)
I know a great little martini bar on the polar hood of Mars. What do you say, Spaceman.

GULLY
We're going to earth, I've got things to do.

JISBELLA
You're the pilot.
(heads for the cabin)
Don't rock the boat, I've gotta pee.

GULLY
...Jisbella.

JISBELLA
What?

GULLY
That old guy, what was he talking about, that burning man shit?

JISBELLA
Who cares, if he lived anywhere else they'd keep him in a rubber room.

Jiz disappears into the loo. Gully throws a look in the ship's rear-view monitor, at the asteroid growing smaller. Turns forward, slams the throttle into expo-drive...

The yacht jumps, we hear a screech from the loo...

JISBELLA'S VOICE
Thanks a lot, asshole!

OUTSIDE

The ship takes a logarhythmic leap, becomes a blurred comet of light streaking toward the blue planet called Earth.

FADE OUT:

Over black a CACOPHONY of blasting HORNS.

FADE BACK IN:

To a galactic traffic jam. Twenty lanes of spacecraft hover bumper to bumper at a massive security outpost orbiting the earth. The yacht's nearing one of the chutes.

JISBELLA'S

Eyeing the rear-view monitor nervous. Gully's eyeing her.

GULLY
What's the matter?

JISBELLA
Just worried 'cause my sister didn't answer my call.

She sees a garbage scow, big and ugly, air horn BLASTING, plowing through the lines. Over the radio comes the Captain's voice.

SCOW'S CAPTAIN
No insurance. No insurance...

The high-priced rigs give ground to the belching scow.

JISBELLA
Best let him in.

GULLY
Been waitin' eight hours, I'm not in the mood.

JISBELLA
Better get in the mood, that's how we're getting through this outpost.

WHUMP. The scow, five times the yacht's size, wedges in ahead. Gully eyes Jiz.

GULLY
You didn't call your sister.

JISBELLA
You're not as stupid as you look.
(nods to his face)
And lose the tatt, you won't be as bad-looking as you look, either.

The scow's old engine belches out a cloud of smoke that engulfs the yacht. Jisbella reaches past Gully, pushes the throttle.

JISBELLA
That's our cue.

THE REAR HATCH OF THE SCOW

Opens sudden, the yacht, veiled by the smoke, disappears inside. The scow rumbles into the inspection chute.

ARMED INSPECTORS

With high-tech scanners move for the scow. The hatch wings open and a greasy-looking dude named SKEETCH steps off, nods to the inspectors heading on.

SKEETCH
Wha's shakin' fellas, not checking the hold without your hotsuits, are ya?

The Inspectors pull up quick.

INSPECTOR #1
You're carrying isotopes?

SKEETCH
Bet your ass.
(hands over his ship-log)
Cleaned the rods out of a blown juicer on Mars last night.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
(stepping up)
Excuse me, idiot, you're in the wrong goddamn line for hotstuff, hotstuff's line one only!

SKEETCH
...Oh, shit. You want me to back on out of here?

The Chief eyes the nightmarish line of ships behind... Slams Skeetch's forearm to a barcode reader.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
You're not legit I'll rip your lungs out.

Skeetch's barcode implant glows in the meat of his forearm, the scanner pumps out info. Picture, ID, classification. Skeetch is indeed "Authorized to transport fissionables."

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Get this shitcan out of here... and fix your goddamn tailpipe!

THE SCOW

Chugs out of the canopy, makes for earth a couple miles below.

CUT TO:

NEW WORLD CITY

Thirty years uglier, more sprawl, more mayhem. A million umbrellas rush under the ozoneless sun, DRONES to work. STREET DWELLERS beg, steal, lie sotted in the gutters. We push in on one, blanketed with yesterday's news, "The New World Post."

Yellowed pictures of a constellation, before and after its supernova, the headline shouts bold: ***BIG DIPPER DROPS A STAR.***"

A RUMBLE wakes the scraggly BUM underneath, he sees an armored rig with laser launchers ROARING up the ave, blaring a message.

PA VOICE
...Terra Defense is looking for a few good men.

The Bum and his ilk run best they can. The rig careens to a stop. A half-dozen SOLDIERS pile out, close on Scraggly, knock him down with clubs.

SOLDIER #1
You'll do.

The Soldiers drag him kicking and screaming to their rig. It drives off, falls under a massive shadow.

THE GARBAGE SCOW

Settling ugly out of the heavens. A big warehouse door lifts open. The ungainly flyer pokes into its dingy cave.

IN THE WAREHOUSE

Shit everywhere, a grungy living quarters in the corner. Skeetch pulls a lever, the lead doors of his scow's rear hold swing open. Reveal Gully and Jiz, toe to toe.

JISBELLA
...The hell was I supposed to do, if I'd told you my barcode was flagged you might've dumped me.

GULLY
Would've dumped you, girl!

Jisbella sees Skeetch, runs to him.

JISBELLA
Skeetchy!

She smothers him with kisses. Skeetch holds back, eyeing the big man with her, his face a wash of horrible paint, the name etched funky on his forehead.

SKEETCH
Ain't Halloween down here, Nomad.
(turns)
Where you been, Jizzy?

JISBELLA
Suckin' rock in the Sargasso Belt. Got any Blue, I'm five years dry.

SKEETCH
(smiles)
Got Blue, Ice-Ball, Axcel... keep you wet for the next five.
(to Gully)
Door's that way, joe.

Skeetch turns with Jiz for the living quarters, Gully's voice comes after.

GULLY
I need a favor.

SKEETCH
Just did you a favor, asshole. Now fuckoff.

Skeetch snaps his fingers. A stereo responds with get-down acid-jazz. But Skeetch never gets down. Gully lifts him bodily off the ground...

SKEETCH
What you doing, man?!

...Sets him down at a messy desk.

GULLY
Ship called Vorga left me to die.
(nods to a computer)
Need you to help me find it.

SKEETCH
...Oh yeah, why didn't you say? Got nothing better to do.

Skeetch reaches for the keyboard... snatches up a letter opener instead. Slashes Gully's arm. Goes vicious for his face...

But Gully catches his wrist cold, stops the blade an inch from his eye. His free hand comes mean, rips Skeetch's ear right off his head.

SKEETCH
Ah, motherfucker...!!!

JISBELLA
(comes at Gully)
The hell's wrong with you?!

Gully pushes her away. Slams Skeetch back into the chair, leans his tiger-face right into the junkman's.

GULLY
If you find me the Vorga you can keep your other ear.

Skeetch trembles, staring at the ear laying on his keypad. Jisbella yells.

JISBELLA
You got public access satellite, Skeetch, use it!

SKEETCH
...It's expensive as shit!

JISBELLA
Just find him his ship 'fore he cuts your dick off!

Skeetch goes to the keys, gets quick to PubAccSat.

SKEETCH
Where do I look?

GULLY
Its port base is Vancouver, need to know if it's there.

Skeetch pounds into PubAccSat, clicks the satellite icon. The screen blips, shows the Canadian Rockies, some satellite's POV sweeping west.

Skeetch zooms in on Vancouver. Finds a massive shipyard. Gully points at a berth, Skeetch zooms. And it comes up clear: The ship we saw before. V-O-R-G-A emblazoned on its hull. Gully sees it fueling, getting checked for re-fly, mutters.

GULLY
You're not going anywhere.

Gully turns hard for the scow, Skeetch yells after.

SKEETCH
Hey, where you going...? Get away from my ship!

Gully climbs in, CLANGS shut the hatch, the engines FIRE.

SKEETCH
Open the fucking door!!

The scow ignores its owner, blasts straight up.

CRASHES

Through the ceiling, rips a massive hole in the roof, disappears into the wild blue yonder.

Skeetch turns dark on Jisbella, but she doesn't notice, she's staring after the brash man who saved her. Finally turns, sees Skeetch's glare, shrugs.

JISBELLA
Least he didn't stay for dinner.

CUT TO:

THE VANCOUVER NAVAL YARDS

Steel wall perimeter, gunnery towers. Massive structures ribbed with catwalks and scaffolding house the warships. Welders weld, cranes crane, the PRESS gathers.

ALAN PRESTEIGN

Corporate Head of I.P. Defense, steps into an underground elevator, holds the door for another man we met at the Galactic U.N. Yang Yeovil, of I.P. Intelligence. The lift starts up.

PRESTEIGN
What brings you Yang, you're not usually one for festivities.

YEOVIL
I see little need for them. I have reason to think Dagenham is not alone in his efforts to perpetuate the war.

PRESTEIGN
(nods)
I understand it was one of his protégés that attacked the Nomad.

YEOVIL
That's not what I meant. Two years ago you set an ambush for Dagenham on the Penumbra of Uranus, do you remember it?

PRESTEIGN
Hard to forget, we lost four ships and eight thousand sailors.

YEOVIL
Because of an encryption sent to the Colonel, an encryption my men decoded. An encryption that originated on Earth.

PRESTEIGN
On earth... Jesus, have you told the President?

YEOVIL
I don't believe that would be prudent.

PRESTEIGN
(stares a beat)
Wait a minute, you're saying the President's in bed with Dagenham?

YEOVIL
The war has always been his, how do you say, political bread-and-margarine.

PRESTEIGN
Butter, Mr. Yeovil.

DING. The elevator doors open, reveal a stage, the PRESS, and a quarter-mile of curtain veiling a big starship.

YEOVIL
I'll continue my investigation.
(nods to the ship)
If that new ship of yours could capture Dagenham, it would most assuredly bolster my case.

Presteign manages a nod. Heads out.

CUT TO:

THE GARBAGE SCOW

Ripping a hole in the ozone, black space above, the Rockies tiny far below. Heading west across America.

ON THE SCOW

Gully pilots the old beater, his lacerated face intent. Punching in coordinates for Vancouver, the shipyard.

CUT TO:

PRESTEIGN

At a gilded podium, speaking to a gathering of shipyard EMPLOYEES, the WORLD PRESS.

PRESTEIGN
...The warship's first mission will be one of mercy: To find the red cross ship Nomad and return its dead for burial... then it'll hunt down Colonel Dagenham and make him pay for his war crimes against humanity!

The crowd APPLAUDS. Presteign nods to the wings. A BODYGUARD leads a pale and beautiful young woman forward. OLIVIA PRESTEIGN, blind since birth, feels the stares of the gathered.

PRESTEIGN
Ladies and gentleman, my lovely daughter Olivia. And in her honor, I present the new Z3 battle-cruiser, "The Olivia."

A FIFE AND DRUMS kick up a battle hymn. The crowd turns to the massive curtain. It falls away, billowing down and down... Reveals one hell of a spaceship, O-L-I-V-I-A down its length.

PRESTEIGN
It's got your name on it, honey.

OLIVIA
I guessed that, Dad. Thanks.

The Press clamors for photo-ops, beautiful woman, big, hard projectile. As ever, good TV. A young OFFICER steps to Yeovil, whispers. He raises an eyebrow.

YEOVIL
Garbage scow...? Well if it doesn't alter course shoot it down, this is a happy moment.

A SOUND GUY, shotgun mic aimed at the exchange, nudges his CAMERAMAN. Camera aims for the sky, searches. Locks onto the scow coming hard out of the heavens.

CUT TO:

GULLY FOYLE

Hard on the wheel, vectoring in. An image comes up on the vid-phone panel beside him -- Jisbella McQueen, giggling.

JISBELLA
Hey, Spaceman, kinda ripped on blue here, but it looks like you are all **over** the news.

Gully sees Jisbella step aside, focus the vid-phone's feed on Skeetch's wall-sized TV. Live footage of the incoming scow.

GNN ANNOUNCER
...Speculation is it's an O.P. terrorist bent on destroying the Olivia. Whoever it is, he's about to get a lot of firepower aimed his way.

JISBELLA
They're wrong, aren't they Spaceman, you're gonna take out that ship that left you behind.

Gully just stays on the scow's controls. Jisbella chides.

JISBELLA
One thing you might wanta consider... spaceships don't leave saps behind 'less their crew tells them to.

GULLY
(turns to her)
The Vorga's loading to fly, if the crew's in space, I can't get to them. But thanks for caring.

Gully reaches to click her off...

JISBELLA
Gully?

He hesitates. Jisbella's voice comes sober.

JISBELLA
You're going to die.

GULLY
I'm already dead.

He clicks her off.

CUT TO:

SHIPYARD WORKERS

Running panicked, trying to get out of harm's way. Camera crews don helmets, flak jackets, try to get in it.

YANG YEOVIL

Stands at a portable battle board, eyeing monitors. Sees the scow breaking through the clouds.

YEOVIL
Alright, let's make this clean.

IN A PARAPET TOWER

Stands a GUNNER. Mirrored aviators, very large gun. He smiles at the order, sights his swivel-mounted-vortex-pulse-hurler.

GUNNER
Say hi to Betty, bogey.

Betty JUMPS, sends a bolt at the scow, dead on target. KAA-BOOM!

YEOVIL

Smiles up at the fireball... for an instant. Something's hurtling out of it.

THE YACHT

That was in the scow's hold. It dives for the shipyard.

YEOVIL
Gunners!!

THE GUNNER

Whips his weapon onto the new target. FIRES another pulse.

GULLY

Sees the vaporizing ray coming for his smaller ride, yanks a red emergency lever. KA-BOOM!

THE YACHT EXPLODES

In a massive wash of burning metal... But not before something ejects out of it.

THE VOLVO'S SAFETY POD

Mini-jets blazing, it stays the course... almost to target.

YEOVIL

Sees it swoop into the compound, screams.

YEOVIL
Shoot! Bonzai!!

GULLY

Ignores the wildly aimed pulses, steers for the V in Vorga. Waits till the last nano... punches a trigger.

WHOOSH! A metal ejection missile comes out of the Volvo's floor, encases Gully in a flash, blasts him safely out of the pod.

THE VORGA

Stands huge, the pod just a wasp... but well-aimed. It rips through the Vorga's shell, finds fuel rods. KAA-BOOM!

THE GUNNER

Stares at the fire burning wild in his aviators, pounds his gun.

GUNNER
Cocksucking Volvo!

His last words... The missile Gully's encased in RIPS through his tower, CRUSHES his ass dead. The last-chance pod splits open, Gully births out unharmed... compliments of Swedish engineering.

THE VORGA FIRE

Leaps hungry, spreads to fuel lines, other cruisers. EXPLOSIONS rip the shipyard into a shitstorm of hellfire. Olivia Presteign stands helpless in the chaos, calls scared.

OLIVIA
Father...?! Father?!!

Two big BODYGUARDS grab her, hustle her toward an armored limo.

OLIVIA
Where's my father?!

BODYGUARD #1
Safe with Yeovil, get in!!

IN THE GUNNERY TOWER

Gully sees Yeovil's men coming for him, guns ablaze. Tears the pulse hurler from its mount. Runs out onto the security wall, BLASTING with the heavy artillery.

BOOM!

A rocket rocks the wall, throws Gully back. He gets up shaken, keeps firing, but there's too many... Sees a big armored limo streaking for the gates, escape.

GULLY

Thunders through the hail of bullet and laser... throws himself off the wall.

CRASHES THROUGH

The roof of the limo with his steel-toed boots.

OLIVIA

Dodges shredding roof, Gully Foyle landing rough in the plush. The DRIVER whirls with a pistol... THUNK. Gully's pulse hurler's butt end knocks him cold. The limo veers wild...

Gully bulls through the partition, grabs the wheel. Throws the Driver out. Punches the accelerator. Feels a gaze in his rear view, boring in...

GULLY
What're you looking at?!

OLIVIA
Nothing, sir, I'm blind.

Gully squints at Olivia's lovely features, the emptiness in the blue pools of her eyes.

GULLY
You're Presteign's daughter.

Olivia's unseeing eyes stay on the rear-view, seem to stare right into Gully's.

OLIVIA
The ship you attacked... Vorga, you're angry... it did something to you...

GULLY
(swerves the car hard up a fire road)
How do you know that?

OLIVIA
I'm empathic, a byproduct of my blindness. I'm seeing your thoughts, and they're... they're almost unbearable.

GULLY
Then stop seeing 'em!

OLIVIA
I wish it were that easy.

Olivia turns her head, hearing something Gully doesn't.

OLIVIA
You better stop this car.

GULLY
Why's that?

OLIVIA
An empath makes a terrible hostage... Besides, my father's got the best marksmen in the world in that helicopter.

THWUP. THWUP. THWUP. Gully looks up, sees a nasty-looking chopper coming fast, a targeting beam of red vectoring in...

KRISHK. The window shatters, a slug rips through his shoulder. Gully grits his teeth, cuts the limo back and forth... but the beam stays with him.

OLIVIA
I'd be happy to get out.

Gully sees the beam coming again. SLAMS the brakes, whirls the pulse hurler toward Olivia... OBLITERATES the rear door.

GULLY
Not as happy as me. Go!

Olivia starts to climb out... too slow, the targeting beam's coming for Gully's chest. He stomps the accelerator. RRNN!

THE CHOPPER PILOT

Sees Olivia tumble out onto the grassy shoulder.

PILOT
Pandora down! Pandora down!

He forgoes the getaway vehicle, swoops down to help the boss's daughter.

THE LIMO

Plows through bush and shrub, hightails into back country. Leaves a cataclysm of exploding spaceships in its wake.

CUT TO:

THE DAKKAR INTERCEPTOR

Ripping through space, two bodies splayed on its nose now, Dagenham's Navigator's joined the Commander who shot down the Nomad. The Dakkar's hard on the ass of a much smaller ship... gobbles it into its bay.

A RAG-TAG BUNCH

Cowers on the Dakkar's deck, Commandos aim laser-rifles at their heads. Colonel Dagenham's laying down the law.

DAGENHAM
You're spacejackers, I know it, I don't care. If you've seen a wreck called Nomad, heard any transmissions regarding it, run across survivors, tell me now.

SPACEJACKER #2
(speaks shaky)
I swear to fucking Jesus God Christ that we don't.

Dagenham's Lieutenant steps in.

LIEUTENANT
Sir, you've got a confidential encryption from your Inner Planet source. I blipped it to your quarters.

Dagenham turns quick, heads for the door, the encrypted message.

LIEUTENANT'S VOICE
Sir, what about the prisoners?

DAGENHAM
They're spacejackers, Lieutenant, kill them.

IN DAGENHAM'S QUARTERS

The Colonel bangs access codes into a computer, breaks the encryption into words.

MESSAGE
Hate to interrupt your fruitless little hunt, but I thought this might be of interest.

The monitor blips to an I.P. NEWSCAST -- the burning shipyards, explosions ripping the facility, the big warships.

ANCHOR'S VOICE
The firestorm at the Vancouver Shipyards started when a garbage scow kamakazied into I.P. battleship Vorga.

The image cuts to Gully, running through the hellfire on the security wall. Vectors in on his tattooed face, the NOMAD etched on his forehead.

ANCHOR'S VOICE
Military intelligence sources speculate that the perpetrator might be a descendant of an ancient Maori sect dedicated to eradicating the government...

The frame freezes. More words spill across it.

MESSAGE
Military intelligence, clearly an oxymoron. If you'll recall, Colonel, Vorga was the ship that found Nomad... Get your green ass to Earth.

CUT TO:

A BIG CALLOUSED HAND

Twitching pained. Gully lies in a seedy tattoo parlor, shoulder bandaged rough. The BRIT shop owner's punching a pneumatic needle into his face. ZZT. ZZT. Removing his markings, wincing.

BRIT
Not my concern what deeds you've done... no one deserves to endure this. Let me anesthetize you.

GULLY
(raises the pulse hurler)
Just... get... it... off.

The tattoo man eyes the gun. Bears down on the --MAD still left on Gully's forehead, injects cleansing bleach into his pores.

We push in on Gully's face, the pain making him delirious. Taking him away... to a place long forgotten in his mind.

THE QUEENS PLAYGROUND

The sky's dark with the eclipse, the Burning Man's hovering above little Gully. Reaching down to the boy's forehead. ZZT. ZZT.

THE TATTOO MAN

Keeps working on the letters on his patient's face... but Gully's oblivious to the needle boring down. ZZT. ZZT.

SPARKS FLY

In a Queens Machine shop. A heavy man grinds metal, feels a little hand tap his shoulder, as he turns we see the name FOYLE on his workshirt.

GULLY, SR. lifts his heavy welding mask, looks at little Gully. The boy's frantic, tells a story we don't hear, gestures confused to the heavens, the seared spot on his forehead...

Dad listens long as he cares to, rubs a thumb across a greasy axle. Swipes a black swath across his boy's forehead, covers the mark. Goes back to his grinding.

CUT TO:

A MUSCLY MALE DANCER

Gyrating in a cage. The Backdoor Barnacle, hot Naval disco, is crammed with SQUIDS. MP's move through, hand out leaflets with Gully's tattooed face on them.

A hand lifts one. Gully, face clean now, eyes it in a dark booth. Turns back to the crowd... sees what he's waiting for.

An officer's cap, VORGA etched over the brim. First Mate BILLY FORREST, ruddy, lit up, steps to the Dancer.

FORREST
Can I let you out of your cage?

DANCER
I don't do one-nighters.

FORREST
Neither do I.
(taps his hat)
My ship got obliterated. I'm six months in port, how 'bout tea on Tuesday?

The Dancer slinks a business card out of his briefs. Forrest takes it, leaves with a wink.

OUTSIDE

Forrest moves wobbly to his Lectro Vette, parked in the shadows of the lot. Mumbles to the car's Voice-Rec.

FORREST
Open up, Jules.

The locks CLICK, but Forrest never gets inside. WHUMP! Gully plows him into a dumpster, SLAMS him to the pavement. Towers vengeful over the stunned and bloodied First Mate.

GULLY
You were on the Vorga, passed the wreck of the Nomad. Why'd you pass her by?!

FORREST
We... we never found the Nomad.

GULLY
(shakes him hard)
You did! I was on her a hundred seventy-six days, I signalled like the Fourth of July. You left me to die, who gave the order?!

FORREST
Can't talk about the Nomad...

GULLY
Talk or die sailor.
(slams him on the concrete)
Who's your Captain!

FORREST
Kemp... Kemp was our Captain!

GULLY
Where is he, where is the son-of-a-bitch?!

FORREST
Hunting... Game refuge on Venus... Now please I can't...
(contorts violent)
Can't talk about the...

Forrest clutches his heart, pounding at his ribs, screams.

FORREST
...Nomad-ddddd!!

He dies screaming the name, body spasming horrible, heart exploding in his chest. Gully stares confused... leans down.

Pulls back the hair behind Forrest's right ear. Sees a tiny circular scar hidden in the follicles of his scalp...

VOICE
Hey, get off him!

Gully looks up, sees a handful of SAILORS running for him.

SAILOR #2
The hell you doing?!

Gully dodges hurled beer bottles. Leaps over a retaining wall, disappears into the night.

CUT TO:

LANGLEY VIRGINIA

Home of the CIA. It's grown, a lot. Extends over the Potomac, across D.C., connects up with the Pentagon. Lots of SECURITY, too much PRESS for one Yang Yeovil.

He deflects QUESTIONS about the terrorist act, the man called Nomad. Slides through steel doors into safer havens.

IN THE INNER-SANCTUM

Minimal, tidy, soft MUSIC of the Orient. Yeovil's secretary, WENDI, blond, very big tits, smiles. Yang sighs.

YEOVIL
Bicarbonate and backrub, Miss Wendi, alter my wah.

He enters his private chamber, sits down weary. Wendi steps in with a glass, plops in a couple antacids.

WENDI
I was watching GNN the other night and it got me thinking...

YEOVIL
Avoid that.

WENDI
(starts massaging)
It seemed that Nomad wasn't after the Olivia, if you looked real-ly close, you'd think he was aiming at the Vorga.

YEOVIL
Wendi, why would he be after Vorga?

Wendi's voice changes from ditzy soft to cold steel.

WENDI
Because it left his ass on the Nomad.

Yeovil tries to whirl... but vice-like hands grip his neck tight. He claws at Wendi's fingers, rips away skin... reveals glowing green underneath.

Yeovil's face contorts, mouth gasping for air, the irradiated fingers burning his skin, SNAPPING his neck. He falls to the floor. A beat later something else does too. Wendi's skin.

COLONEL DAGENHAM

Outer Planet Commando, steps out of it.

DAGENHAM
Sorry about your secretary, Yang, she was beautiful on the inside, too.

He removes Yeovil's shoes, pulls an acid-pump out of Wendi's purse, connects vacuum tubes to a rubber containment bag. Jams the tubes' needle-tipped ends into the soles of Yeovil's feet.

WHRRRR. The pump starts, sends bio-acid up a third tube... needled into Yeovil's head. His body starts to deflate, the rubber containment bag starts to fill.

CUT TO:

GREEN FINGERS

Banging commands into Yeovil's computer. The image Dagenham saw of Gully's tiger face depigments, leaves a binary guess at the man underneath. Pretty close. He calls up the NOMAD DUTY ROSTER. Mutters.

DAGENHAM
Has to be an officer.

Dagenham keys in a search. Holographic heads bloom alongside Gully's. The Captain, the command crew, First Mates. The faces morph faster and faster, finally find a match on the lowest rung.

Dagenham leans forward, studies the true view of FOYLE, GULLIVER. Mechanic's Mate, Third Class. His file's beside.

EDUCATION:	None
SKILLS:	None
MERITS:	None
POTENTIAL:	None

DAGENHAM
Seems someone grossly underestimated you.

A voice comes over the speakerphone.

ROBERT
Mr. Yeovil, Robert here.

Dagenham clears his throat, speaks pretty damn good Yeovil-ese.

DAGENHAM
What is it, Robert?

ROBERT'S VOICE
Vancouver M.P.s found the body of the Vorga's first mate. He had a symp-block, sir, looks like somebody triggered it.

DAGENHAM
(a beat)
The man who did it's named Gulliver Foyle. He'll be coming for the rest of the Vorga's crew, I want to know to a man where they are.

Dagenham clicks off, turns to Yeovil. Lying flat as a pankcake now, the containment bag full of his acidified mortal coil.

DAGENHAM
Not exactly my color.

The O.P. terrorist lifts Yeovil's skin, climbs into it.

CUT TO:

NEW WORLD CITY

Acid rain falls, eats paint right off the buildings. An ambulance races through traffic, goes into mag-lev, floats up and over a jam... lands quick in front of a nursing home.

AT THE FRONT DESK

The Paramedics run in, yell at the RECEPTIONIST.

PARAMEDIC #1
Somebody call in a suicide?!

RECEPTIONIST
...Somebody's yanking your chain.

KRISHK!

The ambulance's red cross explodes. Gully reaches through the busted window, snatches a medical satchel. Is gone before the medics get back.

CUT TO:

SKEETCH'S WAREHOUSE

Rain falls through the hole Gully left, Skeetch doesn't notice. He's stoned, eating ice cream, watching the latest war story playing on his wall-sized TV.

GNN'S Anchor talks over images of space-suited bodies strewn ugly on a dust-blown moonscape, not much left to the viewer's imagination in the 25th century.

ANCHOR
...Experts have concluded the O.P. scientists were working with a universally-banned substance, Pyre-E. As you can see, a nasty little hyper-fissionable.

Jisbella passes by in a robe, towel in hand, pauses at the images. Close ups of space-helmets, the faces within ravaged with enough postules and lesions to crawl her skin.

JISBELLA
What the hell's that?

SKEETCH
That O.P. base on Ganymeade they've been talking about. Those fuckers were going to die anyway from that Pyre-E shit but their own guys blasted them with lasers to make sure!

Jisbella looks to Skeetch... Ice cream dripping down his chin, bloody bandage on his ear, eyes glued to the carnage.

JISBELLA
Three words Skeetch. Shoot your television.

Jisbella heads into the bathroom, pulls the door shut tight. The doorbell RINGS. Once, twice... Skeetch doesn't even hear.

JISBELLA'S VOICE
Get your ass out of bed, Skeetch, it's the roofer!

SKEETCH

Yanks open his front door, doesn't recognize Gully, sans his tattoo. Growls.

SKEETCH
'Bout time, asshole. Got a hole in my roof, courtesy of some other asshole.

GULLY
Well I guess you're talking to two assholes.

Gully steps in, Skeetch realizes who he is, backs away.

SKEETCH
...Ah, shit! The hell you want?

GULLY
I need Axcel.

SKEETCH
Axcel?! Ain't got Axcel, that shit's dangerous...

GULLY
You said you did, I think you do. Where is it, Skeetch?

Skeetch swallows, backed against a wall.

SKEETCH
Alright... it's back in the bathroom, but Jisbella's taking a shower.

GULLY
I won't look.

IN THE BATHROOM

The curtain's closed, the shower running. Skeetch steps to the toilet, Gully at his heels.

SKEETCH
I keep it here. Like I said, the shit's dangerous.

Skeetch lifts the tank's lid... comes up with a sawed-off shotgun. BOOM! Both barrels unload... where Gully was.

The shower curtain's shredded, the wall behind too. And through the blast-hole we something else is shredded too.

SKEETCH
(howls)
My TV!!

Jisbella, ducked down soaping her toes, comes up naked and SCREAMING. Gully comes up too, stares down the smoking shotgun.

GULLY
Should've saved a barrel, Skeetch.

Gully reaches out merciless, rips off Skeetch's other ear.

SKEETCH
Ahhhhh, motherfucker! Owwww!!!

GULLY
Where's the Axcel?

SKEETCH
...Medicine cabinet, where else!

Skeetch runs out WAILING. Jisbella looks to Gully.

JISBELLA
The spaceman cometh.

Gully eyes her nakedness a long beat, starts digging in the cabinet. Jisbella reaches for her towel.

JISBELLA
Never seen you without your makeup.

GULLY
I need you, Jisbella.

JISBELLA
...Need me, huh?
(dries off languid)
What do I get out of it?

Gully finds a vial of blood-red liquid, pockets it.

GULLY
You help me I won't kill you.

JISBELLA
...You'd kill me, you'd really kill me?

Gully just stares, enough edge to make her wonder. Jisbella grabs her clothes.

JISBELLA
You're a piece-of-work, Gully Foyle...
But at least you've got ears.

CUT TO:

A TRAIN STATION

No rails, no gravity, hovering a mile above earth. Cabs shuttle passengers from the surface, rocket-powered engines push trains out of the station.

THE DEPARTURE BOARD

Flips numbers, announces inbounds and outbounds. The 3:11 to Venus is "Boarding." In the throng of mass transit DREGS we find Gully and Jiz, low-profiling. He hands tickets to the PORTER.

GULLY
Which stop's the gaming grounds?

PORTER
First one, Lucifer Flats.

THE DOOR

Of a sleeper car's pushed open. Gully squints in, a half dozen DERELICTS smoking chem-weed barely look up.

GULLY
I paid for this car.

DERELICT #1
Don' matter who paid, it's our home-car. Now fugoff, dad.

JISBELLA
Friendly advice, kiddies, go now.

The Derelicts LAUGH, go back to their weed. Gully wades in...

CUT TO:

A BABY

Howling in the train's crowded cattle car. The Derelicts, battered, sore, stare the little shit down. Finally one breaks.

DERELICT #1
Would you just SHUTTUP?!

CUT TO:

A DOCTOR

Crisp and focused. Laser scalpel in hand, instructing.

DOCTOR
...To bypass the sympathetic-block, the deflection valve must be secured within 1.3 seconds of the incision. At regular speed it would look like this.

Gully watches the Doctor, a hologram projecting from an open book, peel back layers of flesh on a synth-patient. Jiz, lying restless on the sleeper car's cot, grumbles.

JISBELLA
Thinking of going to med school?
(no response)
If you weren't so busy battering everyone you run into you wouldn't have to doctor 'em back up.

GULLY
Quiet, Jiz.

Jisbella studies Gully, the fractured intensity in his eyes.

JISBELLA
You lost somebody, didn't you?

Gully looks over. Jiz speaks quiet.

JISBELLA
I know about that. They dragged my husband out of our bed one night, "volunteered" him for the war. Sent him back two weeks later deader'n dirt... I took to space-jackin' gov ships, laying mines in supply lanes, fuckin' up IP ambushes, trying to settle my score. And you know what, it came to nothing, made me feel no better.

GULLY
It's not gonna make me feel worse.

Jisbella steps up, closes the book, sends the hologram back into its pages. Reaches for Gully, massages his shoulders.

JISBELLA
Avengers are a dime-a-dozen, Spaceman. Whether you meant to or not, you were my savior, maybe that's your real calling.
(leans close)
Why don't you let me save you for a night.

Gully stands, moves to a window of stars infinite before him. Stares at the Big Dipper, missing the star at its handle.

JISBELLA'S VOICE
What was her name?

GULLY
Wanda. If we survived we were gonna get married.
(nods at the constellation)
When she died that star died with her.

JISBELLA
That's sweet, but that star got blown to shit by some weapon the O.P. was testing.

Gully looks to Jiz. She shrugs.

JISBELLA
The Prez was talking about it on TV last week, said it was fired from Ganymeade, they killed a bunch of their scientists to cover it up.

Gully turns back to the constellation. Jisbella steps to him, whispers.

JISBELLA
You can spend all night thinking about Wanda...
(turns Gully back to her)
Or you can pretend.

Gully hesitates. Then lifts Jisbella sudden in his powerful arms, lays her on the cot. Kisses her gentle, then more passionate.

She takes off his pants, looks up the length of his masculinity, his stomach, his chest, his face... and blinks.

JISBELLA
Gonna have to learn to control yourself.

We see why. Gully's passion has flushed the stigmata of his tiger tattoo to a crimson red. He slows, oblivious.

GULLY
Control?

JISBELLA
Not now, Spaceman. Not now...

She pulls him back down, their BREATHING grows heavy. Jiz's blouse comes off, something falls out of it neither notices, gets lost in the tangle of bedding... Ptolemy's domino.

OUTSIDE

The train, a hundred cars long, bumps and grinds. Barrels toward the bone-colored orb of Venus.

CUT TO:

THE GAMING GROUNDS

Of Venus, where the war-weary reclaim the killer instinct. Dense man-made forest, synth-atmosphere fogged in thick. A GUIDE stands near a big dark hole in the rock-iron soil.

GUIDE
Badrilla's gonna come out hot and bothered, stay ready, Kemp.

CAPTAIN KEMP, cold eyes, armed to the teeth, nods to his ENSIGN.

KEMP
First one's mine, sailor.

The Guide shoots flammable down the hole, fires a flare in after it. WHOOSH. The hardpack rumbles beneath the hunter's feet.

GUIDE
He's moving!

THE BADRILLA

Bursts from the ground like a landmine. Genetic hybrid for the hunt, a badger's claws and jaws, size and strength of a gorilla. It slashes the Ensign, leaps for the trees, swings ape-like from the branches. Kemp whirls, sights in... The Guide barks.

GUIDE
No, it's a mother!!

Kemp sees a small form clinging to the badrilla's mane, mutters.

KEMP
Not my mother.

PHIST! The laser load rips into the badrilla, drops her dying into the undergrowth. The Guide sees Kemp starting off into it.

GUIDE
The hell you doing?

KEMP
The humane thing, making sure she's dead.

Somewhere in the foggy wood an anguished HOWL rises up.

GUIDE
I'd watch out for papa bear if I was you...
(mutters)
Fucking idiot.

KEMP

Moves through the brush, finds the dead badrilla. Hears a WHIMPER. Sees the baby hugging a branch, staring down sad. Kemp raises his weapon...

Something comes huge and pissed out of the mist. THWOCK! Gully Foyle pummels the Vorga's Captain to the ground.

CUT TO:

JISBELLA MCQUEEN

Tense on a sheet in the foggy brush, the tools of Gully's medical satchel laid out, a beast's HOWL tightening her throat.

JISBELLA
Goddamn you Gully Foyle.

A CRASHING in the foliage, Jiz grabs up a scalpel... Gully bursts out, Kemp slung unconscious over his shoulders, tosses him on the sheet. Jiz eyes Gully unsure.

JISBELLA
I laid out your tools... but I don't like the look of 'em.

Gully picks up med-scissors, cuts the padding from Kemp's chest.

GULLY
He's got a sympathetic block, military puts them in to make soldiers do things they wouldn't, forget they'd done 'em.
(nods to Kemp)
If he's gonna tell me why he left my ass in space, I've gotta go around it.

JISBELLA
How do you do that?

GULLY
Fast, before he dies on me.

Gully picks up a hypo, filled with the red liquid he got from Skeetch. Takes off his shirt, turns his back, touches his spine.

GULLY
There's a clump of nerves right here above my fourth vertebrae...
(hands her the hypo)
Stick this in, full dose.

JISBELLA
I'm not sticking Axcel in anybody's spinal cord.

Gully nods to another hypo, clear liquid.

GULLY
Slow-Down's there. When I stop, stick it in the same place... and don't miss, Jiz, or I'll fry.

Jiz hesitates, takes the Axcel in a trembling hand, mutters.

JISBELLA
You deserve worse.

She jams the big needle in Gully's spine, squeezes in the drug. He grits his teeth, picks up the laser-scalpel.

GULLY
Now turn your head, I'm gonna be doing things you won't want-to-be-see-ee-ing.

Gully's voice accelerates, changing from its deep rumble. And his body blurs into action.

THE MEDICAL TOOLS

Fly, cut through skin, fascia, clamp arteries, saw ribs. The mechanic works over the human machine at a speed defying the eye... exposing the bloody pumping organ before Jiz can avert her horrified gaze.

She vomits in the brush, turns back. Sees Kemp lying on the edge of life. His arteries and veins connected to a blood pump, heart dissected out, lying on the sheet beside him.

JISBELLA
Christ almighty...

Gully slows to a pixillating stop. Stands vibrating before her, losing his grip...

GULLY
Hur-rrr-ryyyyy!

Jisbella lifts the other hypo, jabs it into Gully's spinal cord. His body shudders, slows to a shaky normal.

Gully puts a smelling catylyst under Kemp's nose. He sputters awake, feels horrible pain.

KEMP
Oh god... oh my god!

GULLY
(leans over him)
You're Archibald Kemp, Captain of the Vorga?

KEMP
...Ye-yes.

GULLY
Look at yourself, Kemp, I bypassed your symp-block... you're dead.

Kemp looks down, sees his chest splayed open, empty.

KEMP
Christ... oh christ!

His eyes flutter, the shock too much. Jiz mumbles horrified.

JISBELLA
Got no right, Gully... sew him back up!

Gully just pops another catalyst, revives him.

GULLY
You can die in time, Kemp, if you talk to me. I was aboard Nomad, why'd you leave me to rot?

KEMP
Sweet Jesus help me...

GULLY
Why?! Why'd you leave?!

KEMP
Ordered to... only supposed to pass along coordinates...

GULLY
To who?!

KEMP
Dagenham... Colonel Dagenham.

GULLY
...Dagenham?! He's Outer Planet, why would you tell Dagenham?!

KEMP
(gasps for breath)
Cargo on your ship... too important for me to handle. Just kill me, please...

GULLY
Only cargo on board was wounded and dead, if we'd picked up anything I'd have known it...

Gully's voice trails off, something dawning like a bad dream. He wheels to Jiz, pulls back the hair behind his ear.

GULLY
Look at my scalp!

JISBELLA
He's dying, you son of a bitch!

GULLY
(yanks her close)
Look!!

JISBELLA
What for?!

GULLY
Laser cut, circular scar, the mark of a symp-block!

Jisbella's fingers sift through thick hair... stop sudden. Hidden in Gully's scalp is a scar, just like Forrest's.

JISBELLA
...It's here.
(swallows)
What does it mean, Gully?

Kemp, on the edge of death, answers for him.

KEMP
Means he's no different than me...

WHUMP! From the trees comes a badrilla, ferocious, right on Kemp. Jaws rip into his entrails, claws into his face. The beast rips his mate's killer in half... Then turns bloody on Gully and Jis...

But a RUMBLING sound gives the hybrid pause. He whirls sudden, leaps back up into the trees. Gully and Jiz see why.

A PAIR OF TAC CHOPPERS

Rip over a ridge behind, coming hard. A turreted halftrack CRASHES through the brush, a squad of COMMANDOS close on foot.

Gully grabs Jisbella's hand, runs for the dense growth.

IN THE CHOPPER

What looks to be Yang Yeovil eyes the pursuit on monitors, speaks to his Field Operatives over a sitch-mic.

YEOVIL
Electro-nets, gentlemen.

JISBELLA AND GULLY

Sprint wild, throw a look back. See the half-track's TURRET GUNNER sighting in. BZZZKKK! BZZZKKK! A thousand volts of electricity spit net-like, tumble after the fugitives...

Jisbella dives out of the way, crashes into the undergrowth. Comes up scratched and spitting dirt.

JISBELLA
...Gully? Gully?!

No Gully, only the halftrack bearing down. Jiz mutters.

JISBELLA
Always bedding down with the wrong guy.

She runs desperate through the clawing brush, but the Turret Gunner's got her dead to rights. BZZZKKK!

JISBELLA
Ahhh!

The electro-net jolts around Jiz, shocks her to the ground. The half-track pulls to a stop, the Gunner barks into his mic.

TURRET GUNNER
I've got the girl secured, Mr. Yeovil,
Foyle's got to be close...

Closer than he thinks. Gully comes quick and lethal out of a badrilla tunnel, a chunk of iron-rock in hand... THUNK!

Gully hurls the Gunner, clicks his mounted weapon from "Net" to "Pulse." Turns it on Jiz, yells.

GULLY
Don't move, Jisbella!!

Jisbella, spassing on the ground, warbles back.

JISBELLA
Fu-u-u-ck y-ooo-uu...

FFFTTT! The blast comes hot, real close. Singes Jiz's hair as it ZAPS the net's circuit powerless. THUPP! THUPP! THUPP!

A CHOPPER

Bursts out of the fog, swoops down at Gully. He whirls the big gun. FFFTTT! FFFTTT! Pulse bolts rip into the whirling metal rotors.

KRRIIISSSHHKK!

The chopper careens crazy, up and over on itself... CRASHES ugly. A fireball spills into the synth-forest, ignites the brush.

IN THE OTHER CHOPPER

Yeovil ducks shrapnel, sees the fire spreading wild, screams un-Yeovil like into the cockpit.

YEOVIL
Find them you fucks!

The PILOT bears down. The CO-PILOT squints at his boss, sees a shrapnel gash cut in his cheek... green glowing skin underneath.

CO-PILOT
...Christ, it's Dagenham...
(yells at the Pilot)
It's Dagenham!

A hack to the throat breaks his neck. The Pilot goes for his sidearm... but Dagenham hammers him through the cockpit glass, hurtles him into the inferno below. Takes the controls.

GULLY AND JISBELLA

Run from the geysers of flame, the choking smoke... sprint for a narrow opening in the leaping wall of flame...

WHOOSH! A blazing tree slams down, cuts them off. Gully whirls Jiz the other way... but the synth fire, raging in the oxygen-rich faux-atmosphere, boxes them in now.

Jisbella looks around, the heat searing her skin, the fire devouring her air, the conflagration closing tight.

JISBELLA
Always wanted to die on earth, Gully.

But he doesn't seem to hear. His face is going red, the stigmata of the tiger flaring hotter than the maelstrom. His eyes seeing something in the flames Jisbella doesn't.

THE BURNING MAN

Reaching out to him, beckoning. Gully blinks, the fire watering his eyes, frying his mind... He lifts Jisbella off her feet, grips her tight, and runs for the roiling hellfire.

JISBELLA
Noooooo...!!!

DAGENHAM

Sees Gully Foyle in the smoke -- running straight into the wall of flame. Aligns the chopper's nose cannon, reaches for the trigger... and everything slows down.

GULLY

Runs desperate, searing sweat, HEARTBEAT pounding in his ears, oblivion dead ahead. Then something happens, the hands holding Jisbella...

START TO DISINTEGRATE

Come apart at the molecular seams, become swirls of human particuli. The swirls engulf Gully's arms, spread to Jisbella, eyes closed tight, waiting to die.

THE CHOPPER'S ELECTRO-NET

Lightnings down to snare the fugitives.

GULLY ROARS

Running wild, the net's clawing blue fingers reach out to grab him... but it closes on nothing. What's left of Gully Foyle and Jisbella McQueen vanishes into the raging inferno...

CUT TO:

THE FLAME

Flaring down into a firing match. The Derelict who told Gully to "Fugoff" passes a pipe of smuggled exotics to his cronies, huddled in their homecar, blasting back to earth.

DERELICT #1
Somethin's burning, man.

DERELICT #2
Your synapses, shit-for-brains.

#1 points, everyone looks. Something's happening in the air before them...

SWIRLS OF MATTER CRACKLE

Displace the smoky air, form the lines of a massive burning man. Frozen in mid-run, a woman in his arms. The particles fill in the outline, paint faces...

DERELICT #3
Fugitsthatguy...

GULLY FOYLE

Hurtles in flesh-and-blood, SLAMS through the Derelicts. Rolls on the floor with Jisbella, douses their burning clothes. COUGHS ash from his lungs, sees the Derelicts staring wide-eyed.

DERELICT #1
Uh... your car, dad.

The Derelicts scramble out. Gully looks to Jisbella, lying still. Leans close, afraid he's lost her like he lost Wanda... feels her breath on his cheek.

Closes his eyes for a beat, remembers what just happened.

AT THE CAR'S LITTLE SINK

Gully splashes cold water on his face, trying to make sense. Looks long in the mirror at his reflection staring back dark...

A flame flickers to life in the sheets behind. Gully turns quick, goes to slap it out. Pauses, seeing what's burning...

PTOLEMY'S DOMINO

Gully snuffs it out. Picks it up, stares at the obelisk shape still glowing red, his mechanic's mind trying to connect the dots that aren't there...

CUT TO:

THE SCI-PEOPLE

Busy on their asteroid, salvaging the twisted hulk of the Nomad. Lasarc-cutting, jackhammering.

Newton stands perplexed over a massive vault welded into the mainframe of the burned out ship, fifty feet long, ten wide, shiny metal, barely damaged at all. Einstein steps up.

EINSTEIN
Any luck, Sir Isaac?

NEWTON
We've tried helia-torching, lasarc, acid etching. I'm stymied, it's impregnable.

VOICE
Not quite.

They look up, see Ptolemy precarious on a high ladder.

PTOLEMY
Looks like it took a direct hit up here. Toss me a flashlight, Albert.

Einstein does. Ptolemy leans to the vault, peers with the light through a tiny fissure in the cast alloy...

Sees something inside that makes his heart skip a beat, tremble his voice to a whisper.

PTOLEMY
Son of a bitch...

CUT TO:

TERRA SECURITY

Hanging on the edge of earth's atmosphere. The 12:42 from Venus is deboarding, passengers moving up the corridor. Jisbella's leaned hard into Gully, whispering terse.

JISBELLA
How'n a blue shitstorm did you get us on that train?

GULLY
...Bought a ticket like everybody else.

JISBELLA
You cut out a man's heart, ran us into a fire that should've burned us to cinder... don't know if you're god or devil, but I didn't buy into running with either.

GULLY
Enough, Jiz.

JISBELLA
Bullshit. Who the hell are you?!

Gully turns on her fierce, bangs her up against a row of lockers.

GULLY
I don't know, alright?! There's things going on I don't understand... things I don't even want to understand! Because they don't matter, you hear me, none of it matters!!

Jisbella blinks scared, Gully right in her face. Her voice comes shaky.

JISBELLA
For the most wanted man in the solar system, you're making a lot of noise.

Gully looks around, sees departing passengers looking at him. Takes a breath, speaks low.

GULLY
I didn't mean to scare you.

JISBELLA
Think you're the one that's scared.

Gully gives her a look... pulls her back into the flow. They walk quiet up the corridor, lost in the crush of people, round a corner... and Jiz sees it.

A CUSTOMS CHECKPOINT

Lots of SECURITY OFFICERS, barcode scanners. She whispers to Gully.

JISBELLA
We can't go through there.

GULLY
One of us can.

JISBELLA
...What's that supposed to mean?

GULLY
(looks in her eyes)
I'll come for you, Jiz. Wherever they put you, when I finish doing what I've gotta do, I'll come for you.
(nods an oath)
I swear it.

Jisbella flushes pissed, tries to cut out of line. But Gully holds her firm, pushes her toward the palmpad. She fights, curses through her teeth.

JISBELLA
I'll turn your ass in, too, you son of a bitch!

GULLY
You do and we'll both rot.

A GUARD steps in.

GUARD
Arm on the pad.

Jisbella hesitates, jaw tight.

GUARD
There a problem, Miss?

JISBELLA
Yeah, you're looking at it!

She slams her forearm on the reader... sets off a cacophony of ALARMS. Knocks the Guard down, makes a break...

Doesn't get far, the other GUARDS close quick on the runner. Tackle her rough, lift her kicking and SCREAMING.

In the chaos no one notices Gully Foyle slide by the palm reader... except Jisbella. She catches his eye, yells wild.

JISBELLA
You GODDAMN WELL BETTER!

The Guards haul her away.

CUT TO:

DOCTOR MENJES

The M.D. Gully watched holo-lecture on symp-blocks. Sitting on a withered pier, fishing line in a huge decaying lake, his eyes haunted now. THUNK. A book lands on the planks beside. A big shadow looms over the Doctor, Gully's.

GULLY
I read your book.

MENJES
(swallows)
Well you either forgot your fishing pole or you were symp-blocked.

GULLY
No fish in the Great Lakes, Doctor.

MENJES
I don't deserve to catch any.
(casts his line)
Couldn't screw with people's minds for twenty years without somebody coming for me... Kind of glad to tell you the truth, you going to kill me?

GULLY
I might. Need you to show me what they made me forget.

MENJES
You may regret it.
(turns, eyes Gully)
Don't believe you were one of mine.

GULLY
I am now.

The Doctor gives a nod. Drops his pole in the stagnant waters, leads Gully up the pier.

CUT TO:

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

The brick buildings of the past laced with new titanium glass ones, Tech's doing fine in 2454. A slick little Beemer pulls up to the gates, the GUARD nods to Menjes behind the wheel.

GUARD
Hiya, Doc, where you been?

MENJES
Fishing.

GUARD
(nods to Gully)
Who's that with you?

MENJES
Guinea pig, George, open the gate.

The GUARD does as told, the BMW slips in.

CUT TO:

A NEUROPTIC STIRRUP

WHIRRING toward Gully. Chin pad, optics and micro-machinery, isolation clamps. Invasive as all hell. Gully stops it with a hand, looks to Menjes sitting at the device's complicated smartboard. He shrugs.

MENJES
You came to me, Foyle.

Gully takes a breath, sets his chin on the stirrup. The temple clamps lock him down, the metal optics push in to his eyeballs.

Menjes FLICKS off the screening room's lights. Hits buttons on his console.

AND THREE NEEDLES OF LIGHT

Pour from diode lasers in the walls. Two from either side, one from behind. They converge on Gully's skull, bore right in.

ON THE SMARTBOARD'S MONITOR

Menjes eyes the gray matter of Gully's brain, the colored beams slicing through. Vectors them in, finds an octopus-like node buried near the lateral fissure.

MENJES
There's Big Brother.

Menjes works dials, scans the lights across the symp-block, flow-charts and specs join Gully's brain on the monitor.

MENJES
Installed 10, October '54, you remember going in for a physical?

GULLY
(nods)
All-Hands Required, before my ship's last search-and-rescue.

MENJES
Then all hands were probably wired, must've been important.

GULLY
...I'm getting that feeling.

MENJES
(keeps scanning)
Activated 2 weeks later. Period of 3 hours, 12 minutes. Current status dormant.
(looks to his patient)
If I cut the block it'll do two things. Give you back the memory... and start to kill you. You get critical I'm going to pull you out.

GULLY
You pull me out when I tell you.

Menjes hesitates, aligns the beams of light at the octopus's main tentacle, whispers.

MENJES
Godspeed, Foyle.

He flicks the board's red toggle -- and the beams of light flare to nova on the monitor, explode Gully's brain to blinding white.

HIS EYES

Slam open, the lasered beams pour out his pupils. Refract through the neuro stirrup's optics, project Gully's memory onto the screening room wall.

WE PUSH IN

Find ourselves on the SS Nomad -- not yet destroyed, its crew alive but not quite well.

We move with a dozen other SAILORS to a storage cabinet, a red cross on its doors. Hands yank it open, but there aren't any healing arts in here... there's a cache of weapons.

Wanda Marigold doles them out, looks into our eyes as she does. Maybe a glimmer of recognition, nothing more...

GULLY

Blinks in the neuro-stirrup, staring at his dead love's face. Slows the remembrance to still, lingers there... A JOLT of pain rips his body, his face sags, palsied. Menjes yells.

MENJES
No time to be sentimental, Foyle, your brain's shutting down!

A HATCH WHIRS

Open to a desolate windblown moonscape. We ignore the HOWLING grit, move with the Sailors toward a military installation. A withered sign hangs on it, a name we've heard before.

GANYMEADE WEAPONS INSTALLATION

Its door flies open, twenty RESEARCHERS stumble out. Sick and dying, their faces postuled and lesioned, crying with relief.

RESEARCHER #1
Thank god... thank god.

RESEARCHER #2
Thought you'd never get here!

But the hospital ship's crew raises weapons, faces implacable. The researchers put up shaking hands, stumble back.

RESEARCHER #2
No...

RESEARCHER #3
We're I.P., we're Inner Planet...

FSST. FSST. FSST. The Nomad's crew opens FIRE on the needy. We BLAST away with the others, merciless, symp-blocked, oblivious.

GULLY

Shudders in the stirrup, feeling the horror of his actions... and something else. A ripping seizure that locks up his lungs. Menjes sees Gully's vitals going critical.

MENJES
Gotta get you out, Foyle!

GULLY
(bellows)
Noooo!!

AN O.P. LANDING SHIP

Settles on retro-blasters. The hatch opens -- and Colonel Dagenham steps down. Moves past the dead, punches a code on a keypad on the installation's outer wall.

It RUMBLES open, the grit blows into the research facility, chock full of the latest war-bred technology. And something we've seen before, fifty feet of shiny alloy...

THE VAULT

Ptolemy saw into. The Nomad's grav-loader moves in, its mechanical arms lock onto the vault, turn the cargo for the hospital ship.

Movement... a wounded Researcher trying to drag himself to safety. We step to him, roll him over with the barrel of our gun. Stare down at his isotopically ravaged face.

He looks up, confused, pleads.

RESEARCHER #4
Please, I'm on your side... we work for Presteign...

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. We cut the dying man to ribbons... and a primal BELLOW yanks us back to...

GULLY

Body convulsing, blood running from his ears, his heart an instant from exploding.

GULLY
Get me outtttt!!!

Menjes bangs a button, cuts the memory off. The spasms stop, Gully's suffocating lungs fill with air. He blinks pained, barely conscious...

Menjes sees his vitals improving, nods to the screen where the mystery played out.

MENJES
Knowing that about Presteign could get you killed.

Gully rips the saddle from his head, SMASHES it to the floor.

GULLY
It'll get him killed first.

CUT TO:

THE ARMORED RECRUITING RIG

We saw before, RUMBLING up the streets of New World City.

PA VOICE
...Terra Defense needs you. We're looking for a few good men.

The rig rams to a stop at a trash-strewn alley, Soldiers pour out. Chase the draft-dodging STREETERS, close on a big DRUNK. He covers his head, gets clubbed to the ground.

THE RIG'S HATCH

Swings open, the Soldiers toss the Drunk inside. We get a glimpse of his face. Flaring stigmata, burning eyes. The rig RUMBLES off, unaware of the tiger in its tank.

CUT TO:

TIMES SQUARE

Glitz and tits, as ever. A Recruiting Center sits spit-shined glass triangulated into the crossing of Broadway and 7th.

A JARHEAD

Couple stripes on his blues, fills out forms. Hears a ROAR, looks up. KRISSHHKK!

His recruiting rig smashes in, SCREECHES to a stop. The passenger door flies open, four Soldiers tumble to the tile. Gully growls from behind the wheel.

GULLY
Brought you a few good men.

SCREECH. The rig smashes through the other glass wall, leaves the Jarhead staring after.

CUT TO:

QUEENS MACHINES

A greasy two-stall garage cluttered with the guts of a hundred contraptions. Attached to it's a split level sitting dumpy on the ass end of Queens. DING-DONG.

THE FRONT DOOR

Opens, a man we saw before, near Gully's size, twice his age, peers out. Lifts his beer in a hand as oil-stained as Gully's.

GULLY SR.
Look what the cat drug in.

Gully shifts on the porch, mumbles.

GULLY
Hi, Dad.

GULLY SR.
You been a bad boy, Gully.

GULLY
I know.

Father and son stand silent a moment.

GULLY
Can I use the garage?

Gully Sr. nods to the military rig in the shadows of his drive.

GULLY SR.
What you going to do with that?

GULLY
I've got some business with Presteign.

GULLY SR.
...Presteign? The guy whose shipyards you wrecked Presteign?

Gully nods. Gully Sr. rubs a hand across his stubbled chin.

GULLY SR.
Lock it up when you're done.

THROUGH THE LENS

Of a distant scope we watch Gully drive the military rig into his father's garage, pull it closed.

CUT TO:

CENTRAL PARK

Not the people's anymore, it's ringed with a steel wall. Rising high off it, in fifty foot letters, the name of the park's owner -- PRESTEIGN.

Beyond's a sprawling castle of stone and diamond-glass. Daringly art-deco, lots of security.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR

Stands in his cherry office, staring out tense at the breadth of his grounds. Dagenham sits behind him, face glowing-green, Yeovil's empty head peeled back hanging like a hood.

DAGENHAM
Did everything I could, Presteign, the fool burned himself to ash.

PRESTEIGN
Everything you could...
(turns on Dagenham)
He's the only one who knew the location of the Nomad, you green-fucking-mutant! I'm fucked!!

Presteign's powerful voice echoes to quiet. Dagenham stares cold in the industrialist's eye.

DAGENHAM
Sooner than you think. I went through Yeovil's files. He never for an instant thought the President was the one in league with me, he was just playing for your reaction. He's got an entire wing of the Justice Department building a gallows to hang you.

PRESTEIGN
I know that you, idiot, what do you think Ganymeade was for?!

Presteign starts to pace, moves past the thick drapes. We push in to the fabric... see someone hidden behind.

OLIVIA PRESTEIGN

Stands quiet, barely breathing, listening in on her father's meeting with the O.P. terrorist.

PRESTEIGN'S VOICE
I'll divert ships from the Mars front, fuck Mars, the O.P. can have it. I'll get every vessel in my fleet looking for the goddamn Nomad...

DAGENHAM'S VOICE
You might start looking a little closer to home. Yeovil's report had something to say about your daughter as well.

Olivia's face tightens behind the curtain.

PRESTEIGN'S VOICE
...What about her?

DAGENHAM'S VOICE
You knew she was an empath, right, tell me you knew?

Presteign blinks disbelieving. Dagenham shakes his head, disgusted.

DAGENHAM
Speaking of idiots, you stupid son of a bitch! She was probably in your head, the investigation may have started under your own fucking roof!

A voice over the micro-com interrupts.

VOICE
Sir?

PRESTEIGN
I'm in a meeting!!

VOICE
Sorry, but we just got a call from Queens. The man you were looking for was just sighted at his father's house.

Presteign and Dagenham exchange a look.

DAGENHAM
I swear I saw him burn...

PRESTEIGN
Just thank whatever god you worship that he didn't.
(nods him out)
Get busy, Mr. Yeovil, I'll take care of my daughter.

Olivia shrinks back. Listens to Dagenham's FOOTSTEPS stride out of the room.

CUT TO:

FLYING SPARKS

Gully's under the military rig, arcwelding in the shop where he learned his trade. Doesn't notice FEET approaching, stepping right up... A stained hand sets down a cold beer.

GULLY SR.
Thought you might be thirsty.

GULLY
I borrowed your lawnmower, you mind?

GULLY SR.
...Nope, lawn died with your mother.

Gully Sr. turns, starts start back out.

GULLY'S VOICE
Dad?

GULLY SR.
Yeah?

GULLY
Did you ever think there was anything... unusual about me?

Gully Sr. takes a sip of his beer, is about to answer when it happens. FWIP. FWIP. Gully sees his father fall dead on the concrete, laser slugs through his forehead.

GULLY
No...!

Gully yanks himself out from under the vehicle, his tattooed stigmata flaring wild, charges the DOZEN OPERATIVES streaming in the door. A swarm of electro-nets leap as one...

ZZZZKKKKK!

The blast of voltage rips Gully from his feet. He writhes on the ground, ROARING like a bull, trying to tear through the blistering web of shock... Finally succumbs.

Dagenham, a bandage covering the gash on Yeovil's cheek, steps to his unconscious prey, speaks with Yeovil's control.

YEOVIL
I'm unsure how you survived Venus, Mr. Foyle, but I'm glad you did.
(starts to turn away)
Ah, fuck it.

The Dagenham inside kicks Gully vicious in the ribs. The Operatives haul him away, we hear the gentle TINKLING of ivories.

CUT TO:

BIG HANDS

Manicured, clean as porcelain, flowing over the keys of a baby grand. Gully's in fine linen, playing in a sun-drenched sitting room, French doors open, shears waving on a soft breeze.

High heels click across the parquet, nyloned legs lead up to Jisbella McQueen, perfect in a French maid's ensemble. She dusts her way to the lord of the house, whispers coquettish.

JISBELLA
Cocktail, Monsieur Foyle?

GULLY
Martini, s'il vous plait.

Gully watches Jisbella dance away to his melody... that swells with pitch-perfect accompaniment.

Gully turns to a YOUNG GIRL, white linen and features like his, playing from the bench beside. Smiles proud.

Wanda Marigold, elegant in a gauzy robe, steps in off the veranda. Smiles at the sight of father and daughter, kisses Gully sweet on the lips. Gully's DAUGHTER segues to song.

DAUGHTER
Got a question for you dad...
Hope it doesn't make you mad.

GULLY
(joins in)
Nothing you could ever say...
Could put a damper on the day.

DAUGHTER
It would really make me glad...
If I could find that ol' Nomad.

GULLY
Only 'cause you are my girl.
I'll give up the little pearl...

A NOTE falls discordant under Gully's finger, he sees his hands gone oil-stained again. Tries the phrase again...

GULLY
I'll give up the...

But his voice has gone rough too. He looks to Wanda, but she's gone. Turns to his Daughter, sees now a malignant little demon... that slowly changes race and gender, ages...

INTO YANG YEOVIL

Gully SLAMS his hands into the keys, screams angry.

GULLY
Tired of people being in my HEAD!!

A SOUND TECHNICIAN

Yanks off phones, saves his eardrums. The other TECHS, maybe a dozen, lean weary on their controls. Yeovil, overseeing the virtual creation station, stares through black glass.

Gully lies groggy on the other side, in the emptiness of the matte-blue containment room.

YEOVIL
Every fantasy in his thick skull... and he denies them all.
(to a Tech)
What do we have on the dark side?

The Tech scans a computer list for torturous options. From behind comes a certain voice.

VOICE
You're wasting your time... and mine.

Dagenham turns to Presteign, imposing in the doorway.

PRESTEIGN
The brute's mind's become immune somehow.
(to a Tech)
Let him see me. Then get the fuck out of here, everyone.

The Tech flicks a toggle, the black ebbs out of the glass. Gully sees Yeovil and the rest exiting the control room, leaving only.

PRESTEIGN

Of Presteign. They stare at each other in silence a long moment.

PRESTEIGN
Who are you really?

Gully stays quiet, his eyes fastened dark on the industrialist. Presteign shakes his head.

PRESTEIGN
A simple mechanic... you've caused me more grief than a Congressional oversight committee.

GULLY
Soldiers are dying everyday in your war, and you're working with Dagenham.
(steps toward Presteign)
What were you doing on Ganymeade, what was wrong with those scientists?
(bangs the glass)
Why'd I have to kill 'em?!

PRESTEIGN
There's going to be a war crime tribunal, Mr. Foyle. To put it bluntly, on Ganymeade I was building a weapon to cover my ass. Unfortunately for you, I was bringing it in on your ship, seemed the least likely target at the time. But fate determined otherwise.
(studies Gully a beat)
The question is where do we go from here. You either help me find my weapon, and secure yourself a comfortable position in my company, or tomorrow dawn I carve your brain into deli-thin slices to find what I need to know.

Gully stares cold, his voice comes colder.

GULLY
You'll die slow, I swear it.

PRESTEIGN
Slow-ly, Mr. Foyle.
(nods)
Enjoy your last night on earth.

Presteign heads for the control room's door. Doesn't flinch as Gully hurls himself into the glass wall that separates them. WHAM! Again. And again.

CUT TO:

THREE GUARDS

Watching Gully lying on a cot on the other side of the glass wall. We push in on the TALLEST GUARD. Something draws his look to the security door behind him. He blinks, stands muttering.

TALL GUARD
Getting coffee.

The other two stay locked on Gully... WHACK! Tall Guard's sidearm lays one out. The other whirls... gets the butt of the gun, falls by his comrade.

Gully sits up at the commotion. Tall Guard stands unsure a beat, turns for the security door, unlocks the electronic deadbolt.

OLIVIA PRESTEIGN

Steps in, focuses her blind eyes. And the Tall Guard hands her a chained cardkey, yawns, a suggestion powerful in his mind. Lays down with his buddies, falls fast asleep.

Presteign's daughter shudders with the effort, speaks in a low whisper.

OLIVIA
Mr. Foyle?

GULLY
...Looks like you do more than read thoughts.

OLIVIA
Some are more suspectible than others...
(feels her way close to his cage)
I need your help.

GULLY
(snorts)
Why would I help Presteign's daughter.

OLIVIA
Because I wish I wasn't... he killed my mother, Mr. Foyle.

Gully misses a beat. Olivia's voice comes shaky.

OLIVIA
She was an empath like me, he tried to use her for more than just knowing when he wanted a backrub. He cut her open like a research cadaver... wanted to mirror her mind, create artificial empathics for his spies...
(swallows)
It failed... she died.

GULLY
I'm sorry about that... but your family problems aren't my concern.

OLIVIA
Then what about the human race, Mr. Foyle, does that concern you?
(beat)
He told you about his weapon, you must have some idea of what it can do. I need you to help me find it...
(holds up the keycard)
Promise you will and I'll let you go.

GULLY
(eyes the key)
Alright.

OLIVIA
(disbelieving)
You're lying to an empath, Mr. Foyle...

GULLY
Just open the goddamn door.

OLIVIA
What's **wrong** with you? Has hatred and revenge burned up every part of you that's human? Can't you at least try to crawl out of that black hole you're living in?! My god, don't you know what's at stake?!

Gully swallows, her words chipping away at him, her tears flowing free.

OLIVIA
Mr. Foyle, if you die trying to kill my father, he'll find that weapon... and then there'll be no one to stop him.

FOOTSTEPS in the hall. Olivia presses scared against the glass of Gully's cell. He waits for them to pass, eyes the blind girl before him, risking much being here. Whispers.

GULLY
Alright, I'll help you. But I'll need a ship... and a favor.

CUT TO:

A CONCRETE CATACOMB

Shadowy, winding into the lowest depths of Castle Presteign. Olivia feels her way along the rail, leads Gully down.

OLIVIA
There's a backdoor, it's not far.

Olivia stumbles, shaky. Gully catches her, helps her along. Feels her tense sudden.

OLIVIA
...Oh my god.

GULLY
What?

OLIVIA
I can feel him, Mr. Foyle... He knows, he's coming...

A voice echos down ominous.

PRESTEIGN'S VOICE
OLIV-I-AAAA!!

A DOZEN SOLDIERS come hard out of the darkness behind, Presteign on their heels.

Gully lifts Olivia off her feet, thunders down a rock staircase... End of the line.

GULLY
Dead end!

OLIVIA
No, there's a door!

Gully puts her down, Olivia feels a hidden panel in the wall of stone, punches a code...

PRESTEIGN'S VOICE
Olivia, NOOO!

Gully sees the rock slide back, reveal a heavy door... Bangs it open, turns for Olivia... THWIP. THWIP.

She drops at his feet, blood pouring from two laser slugs sunk in her middle. Gully whirls, sees Presteign staring down, pistol still aimed. Olivia's voice comes dying.

OLIVIA
Go, Mr. Foyle... go.

Gully dives out the door ahead of a BARRAGE of weapon fire...

LANDS ON A SUBWAY TRACK

Hears the BLAST of an airhorn, sees two-tiers of raging express ripping at him. Dives again, just ahead of the steel wheels.

CUT TO:

JISBELLA MCQUEEN

Walking handcuffed between TWO GUARDS down a very rough stretch of a woman's prison. Bitches behind bars catcall nasty, the Guards yank Jiz along, none too gentle.

JISBELLA
I'll bite 'em off, I swear to god.

A HATCH DOOR

Slams open on the prison roof. The Guards uncuff Jisbella, throw her onto it, disappear back down. Jiz blinks unsure, hears the ROAR of an engine, turns.

SEES A STAR-CHARGER

Sleek and white settling down out of the heavens. The hatch opens, Jiz sees Gully behind the controls.

JISBELLA
Expect me to just jump right in your little chariot, huh?

Gully waits a beat, starts closing the hatch... Jisbella jumps quick.

JISBELLA
Jesus, get a sense of humor!

INSIDE

Jisbella piles into the co-pilot seat.

JISBELLA
Thanks for keeping your promise, Spaceman, how'd you pull that off?

GULLY
(mumbles quiet)
Blind-date with a rich girl.

JISBELLA
...Okay, good enough for me.
(slaps the dash)
Now point this thing to **Tahiti.**

GULLY
Not done with you, Jiz. Going back to that rock I met you on.

JISBELLA
That's funny, Foyle.
(beat)
Foyle... Alright, forget Tahiti, anywhere in Jersey'd be fine.

Gully turns the steering yoke north, FIRES the retro rockets for deep space. We hear Jiz's voice.

JISBELLA
Just put me back in prison!

CUT TO:

THE STAR CHARGER

Already on the ass-end of the universe, weaving through asteroids. Ahead's the rocky junkyard of the Sci-People.

CUT TO:

THE STAR CHARGER'S HATCH

Swinging open. Gully and Jiz, space-suited, hand cannons on their hips, edge out. The asteroid's surface is shadowed, nothing moves. Her voice comes tight.

JISBELLA
Somebody musta told 'em you were coming.

THE NOMAD

Sits stripped, bolted down, fused into the metallic chaos. Gully and Jiz flick on their helmets' beams, duck through a blasthole.

ON THE NOMAD

They move careful, BREATH thick in their helmets. Jiz sees a flicker of light through a little door, peers into the tool locker where Gully and Wanda survived.

It's chock full of candles now, looks like a shrine. Jiz squints at Gully's etching on the wall... A hand grabs her arm.

GULLY
It's not in there, Jiz.

They keep moving, hear a voice rising up eerie.

VOICE
...We must protect the Purpose, so that he may fly when the StarKiller flies...

Gully and Jiz stare down into the ship's deepest hold... See the Sci-People, armed to the teeth, tattooed faces grim, surrounding Ptolemy. He raises a robed arm.

PTOLEMY
...And prevent the darkness of oblivion the Burning Man foretold.

SCI-PEOPLE
(in unison)
Arrival of the fittest!

JISBELLA
(mutters)
When'd they buy into his bullshit...?

The hall rings to silence, Ptolemy puts up a hand.

PTOLEMY
He has returned.

His gaze sweeps upward, finds Gully in the high shadows. The Sci-People turn as one, call up together.

SCI-PEOPLE
The Purpose!

Before Gully or Jiz can move, a half-dozen Sci-Men step up behind, press laser-rifles to their backs.

CUT TO:

GULLY AND JISBELLA

Getting ushered through the tattooed throngs of war-ready Scientists, stopped in the center. Ptolemy nods to Gully.

PTOLEMY
Welcome back, we've been expecting you.

GULLY
There's a weapon on this ship, Ptolemy, I need it. Tell them to let me go.

PTOLEMY
Can't do that. I need your barcode.

GULLY
What?

The Sci-People grab Gully sudden. He fights, but there's too many, they strap him down on the immobilizer.

Einstein steps up, a pneumatic rectangle of scalpel blades in hand. Presses the device to the barcode imbedded deep in Gully's forearm... Jiz yells.

JISBELLA
What're you doing, Ptol...?!

SHHNK. SHHNK. Gully ROARS, Madame Curie wraps a bandage around the hole dug in the meat of his arm.

Einstein turns to Ptolemy with the device, the bloody barcode implant still on it. The old guy pulls back his sleeve... his arm's surgically splayed open, ready.

SHHNK. SHHNK. Ptolemy grimaces as Einstein implants Gully's barcode in his forearm.

An ALARM wails sudden. Galileo lifts a portable telescope, peers through a seam in the Nomad's hold.

GALILEO
They were followed, laureates, a Dakkar Interceptor approaches!

PTOLEMY
...That'd be the Green One.
(nods to Gully and Jiz)
Take them to the hiding place.
Soldiers of science, our destiny is at hand!

CUT TO:

THE DAKKAR

Coming down fast and clean on its landing thrusters. The hatch hydraulics open. Dagenham, face glowing green, steps out. His Commandos, ominous in full battle carapace, take positions, move quick on the Nomad.

EINSTEIN

Steps out of the hulking wreck, the Sci-People behind him. Puts up a shaky hand, calls to Dagenham.

EINSTEIN
We are the Scientific People, Green One, not war-like by nature. But for you, we will make an exception. Leave us in peace, or suffer our indignities.

Dagenham sees antique weaponry aimed his way, considers the small tattooed man threatening him. Murmurs.

DAGENHAM
Who let you play with the crayons.

Dagenham fires his proton pistol, cuts Einstein in half. His Commandos take the cue, unleash a withering volley of high-tech mayhem. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The Sci-Men respond, try to hold off the siege. But the armored stormtroopers blitzkrieg right through them.

WE PUSH THROUGH THE SMOKE

Move to an airgrate of a long wrecked vessel, go through it. Find Gully immobilized, watching the slaughter. He turns to Jisbella and Ptolemy, yells over the SOUNDS of future-war.

GULLY
Get me off of this thing!

Ptolemy holds Jisbella back.

PTOLEMY
If you let him go he'll fight and die... and my people's lives will be wasted.

GULLY
(snaps loose an arm binding)
Nobody's dying for Gully Foyle!!

Ptolemy pours oily liquid into his spacesuit, nods to Gully.

PTOLEMY
We've hidden it best we can, but if the Green One finds it, it's going to be up to you to stop it.

JISBELLA
The hell you talking about, Ptolemy, what's going on around here?!

PTOLEMY
The StarKiller, Jisbella, it's here.

Ptolemy turns to Gully working feverish at his bindings.

PTOLEMY
Be at peace, Gulliver Foyle. To die for science would be pitiable, to die today is not.

Ptolemy snaps on his helmet, squeezes out of the grate. Draws an old sidearm, and runs BLAZING into the teeth of battle...

PTOLEMY
I'm Gully Foyle, and you're gonna die!! YAAAAH!!

Ptolemy gets about five steps before lasers RIP into him. And then he ERUPTS, the fuel oil in his space suit igniting him into a human fireball.

GULLY AND JISBELLA

Can do nothing but watch Ptolemy writhe horrible, die the final Sci-Man death.

WHOOOSH!

Flame retardant sprays Ptolemy's smoking carcass. Dagenham's Lieutenant eyes the charred face, no I.D. there. Lifts a bio-scan, lowers it to the body's left arm, the melted skin.

ON THE DEVICE'S LITTLE MONITOR

An image of Foyle, Gulliver, Mechanic's Mate Third Class appears.

LIEUTENANT
Sir, we've got Foyle!

COLONEL DAGENHAM

Steps up, checks the monitor, then the blackened corpse. If there were any doubt about life or death, he ends it with a proton BLAST to the face.

JISBELLA

Watches Dagenham move away, leave Ptolemy dead and alone on the battlefield. Tears brim in her eyes.

JISBELLA
Crazy old guy... what'd he do that for?

Gully finally manages to wrench himself out of the immobilizer, goes to Jiz. She turns from the battlefield, cries on his shoulder.

Gully stares out shaken, sees Dagenham and his men wheeling a grav-loader into the Nomad's broken belly...

Then sees something else. Sunlight glinting off the ship he and Jiz came on, illuminating its name -- DAYSTAR.

GULLY
(mumbles)
DayStar... What'd he say about the DayStar?

JISBELLA
Who?

GULLY
Ptolemy.

JISBELLA
Just part of his stupid story, some guy was supposed to show up on it.

GULLY
Who was this guy?

JISBELLA
Ptolemy's dead, Gully, what difference does it...

GULLY
What'd he say?

JISBELLA
The guy was supposed to save humanity from some StarKiller, some weapon that could blow up the sun or some crap.

Gully sees the grav-loader emerge back out of the Nomad, the alloy vault clutched in its mechanical arms. It moves under the Dakkar, the ship's bay doors swing open.

GULLY
Who gave Ptolemy the domino, Jiz?

JISBELLA
Santa Claus, goddammit!

GULLY
Who?!

JISBELLA
Some idiot who caught himself on fire, alright, some stupid Burning Man!

Gully swallows. Reaches in his pocket, pulls out Ptolemy's Domino. Lifts it to his eyeline, beyond we see the vault hydraulic open...

WE PUSH IN

On the domino. On the obelisk shape, the eye seared into its apex. See it mirrored exactly by what's rising out of the vault.

A MISSILE

Perfect pyramidal sides, the optical guidance system at its apex just like the eye on the domino.

JISBELLA

Turns slow, sensing something changing in Gulliver Foyle. Sees the domino in his hand -- its shape an exact blueprint for the weapon beyond.

JISBELLA
...Jesus, it's all true...
(sees the ship they came on)
That's the DayStar... and that's... that's Ptolemy's StarKiller!

GULLY
(quiet)
Presteign's starkiller.

The weapon gets drawn up into the Dakkar's hold. The ships' doors shut, its engines ROAR, Dagenham and the StarKiller fly for Earth...

Leave Jisbella and Gully staring after. He mumbles.

GULLY
Why me...?

Jisbella looks over. Gully shakes his head.

GULLY
I'm a mechanic, Jiz, the son of a mechanic. I couldn't even save Wanda, how am I supposed to save anyone else...

Gully's voice trails off, the fire gone from his eyes. Jisbella watches him a moment, nods to the battlefield.

JISBELLA
They believed you could... and I do too.

Gully looks to the woman he's been through hell and highwater with. She holds his troubled gaze.

JISBELLA
You could've died on your hospital ship, Gully, could've died on Venus, could've died right here...
(shrugs)
Either you're just hanging around to get me in trouble... or you're the guy Ptolemy thought you were.

Gully stays quiet a beat, his destiny weighing heavy.

GULLY
So maybe I should just... shuttup and be the guy.

JISBELLA
(winks)
That's my spaceman.

Gully turns back to the heavens, watches the Dakkar disappear into the sea of stars.

FADE OUT:

FADE BACK IN:

To Queens Machines. Sitting abandoned now, day's fading light reflected off its greasy sign. We hear a WHROOM. See the DayStar settling pristine on its littered yard.

ON THE DAYSTAR

Gully, behind the controls, peers into his dad's open garage, at the military rig still inside. Jisbella waits a beat.

JISBELLA
So it's still there, we're all set, right?

GULLY
Right.

JISBELLA
So what're you waiting for?

GULLY
Just wanted to tell you, um... tell you not to get yourself killed.

JISBELLA
(grins)
I love you, too.

She nudges him toward the ship's hatch. Gully leans back, kisses her cheek, climbs out. Jisbella watches after him, slides behind the controls, takes off fast.

CUT TO:

A PERSIAN CAT

Padding across the living room of a plush Westchester home. It slinks against Jisbella, waiting anxious on the couch. She lifts it, turns it over.

Sees a panel in the fur there, an on-off switch. Rolls her eyes, CLICKS the faux feline off. Looks up at RACHEL, elegant-looking, tea tray in hand, stepping in.

JISBELLA
Why don't you get a real cat, Rach?

RACHEL
They give me fleas and piss on my Orientals.
(hands Jiz a tea)
Thought you forgot where I lived, Sis.

JISBELLA
Tried to. How's work, you still have the big clients?

RACHEL
Welfare doesn't pay for this... why're you asking?

JISBELLA
Well... you always wanted me to join the family business.

Rachel McQueen stares disbelieving, then throws her arms around her sister.

RACHEL
Oh, Jisbella, mom'd be so happy... when do you want to start?

CUT TO:

A LONG LIMO

Sliding up to the gates of Castle Presteign. GUNNERS on towers track it, a PLATOON of security descends on it. The Driver shows ID, gets waved through.

CUT TO:

HIGH HEELS

Stepping out of the limo. Jisbella, very short skirt, already cleavage-deep in the family business, eyes security a beat. Turns to Castle Presteign spread out before her, mumbles awed.

JISBELLA
...Fuck a **duck**.

THE MANSION'S FRONT DOOR

Swings open, a fey little valet, NEHRU clothes, ponytail, eyes Jiz. Speaks sarcastic, proud of his post, disdainful of hers.

NEHRU
Don't believe I've had the pleasure.

JISBELLA
(eyes him back)
Ever?

NEHRU
(frowns)
I'll have to frisk you. Don't worry, I've been neutered... thank god.

Nehru checks Jiz's every nook and cranny. Pulls five inches of hair-pin from her do, sharp enough to bloody his finger.

JISBELLA
Girl's gotta protect herself.

NEHRU
Not for five K an hour she doesn't.

IN THE CASTLE

Jiz follows Nehru through a grand foyer, gets ushered into a sitting room.

NEHRU
I'll let you know when your "skills" are required.

JISBELLA
I'll keep my motor running.

Jisbella watches Nehru disappear, whispers into her long earring.

JISBELLA
Gate's two feet of solid steel, pair of laser gatlings on the wall...

CUT TO:

THE RECRUITMENT RIG

Gully hijacked. Barreling up Broadway, getting lots of room. The rear armor's been moved out front, welded into a thick bladed cowcatcher.

JISBELLA'S VOICE
(continuing over)
...And there's enough security on the grounds to fight a small war.

Behind the rig's wheel sits no one. It's turning, accelerating, a ghost in the machine. We move past the big tires, see under the ride.

In a steel cage lies Gully, three inches off the mean street, steering and acceleration cables in hand. Over the receiver in his ear we hear.

JISBELLA'S VOICE
Kind of spoiled me on the train to Venus, Spaceman, don't leave me hanging.

From Gully's rat's eye view we see Castle Presteign a quarter mile ahead. He yanks the accelerator cable... RRRNNN! Ties it full throttle.

CUT TO:

PRESTEIGN'S FRONT GATE

A tower GUNNER hears the ROARING engine first, sees the nasty hunk of metal barreling 90-to-nothing for his gate.

GUNNER
We've got trouble!!

Guards, snipers and gunners open up, civilians be damned.

BING! BAM! BOOM!

Shells rain down on the coming juggernaut. Rip through the windshield, tear up the upholstery, cheese the cabin... slow it not a lick.

GULLY

Under the chassis, steering cable gripped tight, braces for impact. The Guards at the gate leap clear at the last instant.

KAAA-RUUUUNNNCCHHHH!

The cow-catcher shears the steel gate... the rig powers through, THUNDERS reckless into the compound.

WHAM!

The vehicle slams into the base of a massive marble statue of Presteign, doesn't even shake it. The Guards open FIRE.

GULLY

Ducking ricochet and flying shrapnel, reaches up a hand. Yanks an old pullcord.

ON TOP OF THE RIG

His dad's Briggs & Stratton, upside down, kicks to life. Its bladeless rotor, attached to the turret-laser, starts the weapon spinning.

Gully clicks a firing switch. And the laser starts FIRING, spitting hellfire 360 degrees.

PRESTEIGN'S MEN

Duck or die, the laser blasts chewing up trees, beheading the statue of Presteign, laying waste. But the ammo doesn't last... The grounds echo to quiet.

Then erupts in a withering BARRAGE of weaponry, Presteign's shooters unloading all they got. Lepton bazookas, ronald rayguns, pulse hurlers.

KA-WHROOOM!

The armored rig explodes into a burning twist of metal. The troops edge out, converge on it. Don't notice Gully Foyle slipping from the hedge, easing toward the castle.

CUT TO:

JISBELLA

Staring out a window, watching the burning vehicle. Nehru steps in behind her.

NEHRU
Gird your loins, sugar.

JISBELLA
(nods out)
What was that, Chinese New Year?

NEHRU
Gate crasher, people just die to get in here.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR DOORS

Sliding open. Nehru leads Jisbella down a high hall, a bank of windows show an incredible view.

JISBELLA
So how high are we up here?

GULLY

Stands in the shadows of a Castle Presteign service corridor, hears Nehru's voice over his earpiece.

NEHRU'S VOICE
Sixty five floors.

JISBELLA'S VOICE
Nice view of the East River...

Gully looks to an arrowed sign pointing different directions: EAST WING/WEST WING. Heads east.

CUT TO:

NEHRU

Stopping at palatial doors on floor 65, framed with a pair of massive tusks. Jisbella eyes them.

JISBELLA
So Mr. P.'s a hunter?

NEHRU
Last elephant in Africa.
(lifts a silky blindfold)
You'll wear this. Allow me.

JISBELLA
(pulls back wary)
Gotta tell you, I'm a little nervous. A know-nothin' from East Philly and I'm about to do the richest man in the solar system... oh geez, I gotta pee. Do you mind, I really gotta go.

Nehru rolls his eyes, points to a bathroom down the hall.

NEHRU
Be quick, Mr. Presteign doesn't like to wait.

JISBELLA
Tell that to the elephant.

Jisbella marches off on her high heels, jiggling enough to turn Nehru's stomach. She pushes open the bathroom door.

IN THE BATHROOM

Jisbella's facade crumbles quick, she mumbles into her earring.

JISBELLA
There's no stairs, a couple guards by the elevator, and you can't miss Presteign's suite, just look for the elephant horns.

CUT TO:

GULLY

Backing into the East Wing lobby, unspooling electrical cable as he goes. A pair of security GUARDS standing post at the elevators tense at the sight of the big workman.

GUARD #1
Excuse me, buddy, what're you doing?

GULLY
Looking for a plug.

GUARD #2
(reaching for his sidearm)
I'll plug your ass, you don't show me some ID.

Gully loops the cord sudden around the Guards' feet, yanks hard, knocks them down... Before they can say boo the mechanic's pipe wrench comes hard. THUNK. THUNK.

Gully steps over the unconscious, pounds the elevator button. Nothing. Pounds again.

MECHANICAL VOICE
Unauthorized print code, access denied.

Gully turns for the lift, wedges his thick fingers into the crack between the doors, powers it open. No car. Gully spits in his palms, throws himself...

INTO THE SHAFT

Catches a thick greasy cable indented in the far side. Looks up the shaft's shadowy length. Puts a foot on either side of the indention, starts climbing hand over fist up the elevator's counterweight cable, mutters.

GULLY
Could've sent the car down, Jiz.

CUT TO:

THE BATHROOM DOOR

Swinging open. Jisbella, stuffing makeup back in her bag, gets dragged out by Nehru.

JISBELLA
Alright, alright, just trying to look good for the man, you little creep.

Nehru straps the blindfold over her eyes. Her voice comes tight.

JISBELLA
What if I like to watch?

NEHRU
Trust me, you don't.

The valet pushes open the door, leads Jisbella wary and unseeing into...

PRESTEIGN'S MASTER CHAMBER

Huge, ornate, decadent. A herd of animal skins on the double-king bed. A waterfall tumbling into a rock lap-pool. And a HUNDRED WOMEN floating in the air, gyrating in naughty lingerie.

Nehru leads Jisbella through the holographic hedonism, the images washing over them.

PRESTEIGN

Sitting shadowed in a big chair, watches the valet settle the prostitute in a restraining device that'd blush the Marquis de Sade.

SHNK! Bands of tensile steel come out of the armrests, lock Jiz down tight. She swallows, speaks blind to the room.

JISBELLA
Could at least say hello.

Presteign stays quiet. Nehru pulls out an IV stand, a bag of liquid, metal gray liquid...

FFTT. A mechanized hypo jabs into Jiz's forearm. She jolts pissed, scared.

JISBELLA
What're you doing?! What the hell's that?!

Presteign's lips don't move, and the voice that answers is way too thick for the eunuch's.

VOICE
It's for your own protection.

COLONEL DAGENHAM

Steps in from the chamber's balcony, nods to Nehru. The little man turns, heads past Presteign still watching from his chair, exits. Jisbella steadies her voice.

JISBELLA
Protection from what?

DAGENHAM
Me.

JISBELLA
...I watch a lotta TV, you don't sound like Mr. Presteign.

Dagenham taps at the bag of lead solution IV-ing into her arm, Presteign speaks even, ominous.

PRESTEIGN
I'm right here, sweetie, I'll be watching.

JISBELLA
...Watching? Listen, I, uh, just so you know, I only do CEO's and Senators, it's in my contract...

Dagenham reaches for Jisbella's knee with his irradiated hand, touches her skin... She SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

GULLY IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

Hearing Jisbella's WAIL over his earpiece. He grits his teeth, wills his aching muscles on, rappels fist over fist up the counterweight cable. Past a service sign, 53rd floor...

WHRRRRR

An engine cranks to life, the cable yanks Gully upward... only one problem, the 'vator's coming down.

Gully tries to squeeze into the counterweight's indention... too narrow. Sees the lift coming down hard, the rope rushing him toward collision. Looks down past his workboots, five hundred feet of dark, killing drop...

Gully grips the rising counter-cable for all he's worth, looks for a soft underbelly in the plummeting metal car.

Yanks hard on the cable, uses it like a pole vault to thrust his steel-toed boots upward, ROARS with the effort...

IN THE ELEVATOR

Nehru hears the BELLOW from below... then a CRUNCHING as something explodes through the metal-plated floor.

Gully hurls upside down into the car, wood and paneling shattering around him. Lands in a heap, pushes debris away... sees Nehru standing over him.

NEHRU
I don't believe you were announced.

Nehru pounces for a red SECURITY button... Gully's big hand clamps his wrist, stops his finger an inch from it.

The eunuch slashes sudden with his free hand, rips into Gully's shoulder with a razor-sharp dagger.

Gully turns angry on Nehru, parrying his weapon confident in the cramped car. Lunges for him.

Nehru dodges easily, slashes Gully's back. Gully winces, lunges again.

Another miss. Another slash. Nehru beckons him try again, nods to groin level.

NEHRU
Come on, Bluto, let's do the castrata lambada.

Gully hesitates. Grabs up a big sheet of splintered paneling. Shields himself, moves in slow.

Nehru tries to juke, duck past, but Gully cuts him off. Once, twice. Finally corners him. Nehru stabs desperate, tries to get around the shield, can't.

Gully puts his shoulder to his shield, pins Nehru to the wall. Throws his weight against it. CRUNCH. The eunuch falls shattered, dead. Gully mumbles.

GULLY
I'll announce myself.

He hits a button, stops the elevator's descent.

CUT TO:

COLONEL DAGENHAM

Peeling off his clothes, revealing an array of weaponry strapped underneath. He checks the IV, the last of the lead solution drips into Jisbella's arm.

He reaches for her knee, touches near the seared burn he left before. She starts, but her skin doesn't blister.

DAGENHAM
Think we're ready for playtime.

Jisbella, a very bad feeling in her gut, speaks to her captor, her earring.

JISBELLA
Look, I could **hurry** back to the office and get you a better girl, a kinky girl, a girl who could **get here really quick.**

Dagenham stares a beat, something not right about this hooker. Squints at her earrings... rips one off.

JISBELLA
Hey, those aren't cheap!

Dagenham turns the earring over, sees the bug hidden there. WHACK! Backhands Jisbella vicious.

The blindfold flies off her face. And she sees the O.P. terrorist standing glowing green and thong-underweared over her. He leans close.

DAGENHAM
...Who are you?

(slaps her again)
Tell me!!

JISBELLA
I'm working quality control for my sister, you nuclear piece of shit!

Jisbella spits in his face. Dagenham doesn't bother to wipe it off, just lets it boil away on his irradiated skin.

DAGENHAM
You just died.

He reaches for his discarded holster, pulls out a laser-pistol, presses it to Jisbella's temple...

TH-WACKK!

The chamber's doors blow back off their hinges. Dagenham whirls, sees Gulliver Foyle charging, something big, white and pointy gripped in his hands.

AN ELEPHANT TUSK

Dagenham aims his weapon... but Jisbella lashes out a long leg, sends it flying. And the Colonel gets boned.

THWUPPPPP!

Gully buries the tusk deep, lifts Dagenham on the thick ivory, doesn't slow a lick. Drives him back, impales him into the wall of waterfall.

SSSSTTTTT!

The falling water geysers to steam. Dagenham's glowing blood pours into the pool, brings it to an ugly hissing boil.

Gully hurries to Jisbella, rips her loose from her shackles.

GULLY
Where's Presteign?!

JISBELLA
(nods to where he sits)
Right there.

Gully squints through the holographic dancers, sees him sitting still in the shadows. Yanks him to his feet, gets in his face.

GULLY
Only going to ask this once, where's your StarKiller?

Presteign swallows, seems to struggle against something other than his assailant. Gully smashes him against a gold gilded mirror. KRISHK!

GULLY
Where?!

Presteign, sweat streaming down his face, tries to speak, shakes with the effort.

PRESTEIGN
Must... must stop her.

GULLY
(blinks unsure)
The hell you talking about, where's the missile?! Tell me or I'll kill you!

From behind comes a sweet female voice.

VOICE
It's not him you want to kill.

Gully and Jisbella whirl. Stare at a beautiful young woman standing in the busted doorway, still very much alive...

OLIVIA PRESTEIGN

Senses her way in, getting her sightless hold on the room and its players. Gully mumbles.

GULLY
You're dead... saw your father kill you.

OLIVIA
He just helped me fool you, Mr. Foyle. But he'd like to kill me... wouldn't you, Dad?

Olivia turns to her father, blinks. And Presteign's blank face changes to abject fury. He hurls himself SCREAMING at his daughter, is nearly on her when she blinks again.

Presteign pulls up sudden, face gone placid. Goes to the bed, puts his thumb in his mouth, sucks it.

OLIVIA
The first thought I ever had was that my father killed my mother. My second was that he'd do the same to me...

JISBELLA
The hell's going on, Gully?!

GULLY
She's an empath, controlling him.

OLIVIA
...I kept my power hidden, until I knew his mind inside and out... and then one day I just took it.

Presteign WAILS, his mind gnashing with his plight. Olivia pats his shoulder.

OLIVIA
Not easy for a control freak.

JISBELLA
So it's you that been running this war, you bitch!

OLIVIA
His war, his company, his mind, all from behind his suit... until tonight. Tonight dad was going to kill the Colonel when he had his pants down... and then Dad was going to hang himself. Because I didn't need either one of them anymore.
(turns to her father)
Is there something you're waiting on?

Presteign doesn't answer. Just stands sudden, takes off his belt. Ties a loop quick around his neck. Leans out for a silver chandelier, hooks the buckle over it. And jumps...

The belt jerks tight around his neck, Presteign GURGLES, spasms violent....

Gully turns from the dying man, his hatred focusing on the woman who set him on his dark path. His voice comes whispered death.

GULLY
You were right, Olivia, it's you I want to kill.

OLIVIA
That's the irony, gullible Foyle, you can't.

Olivia touches at the hair behind her ear.

OLIVIA
I've symp-blocked the weapon's trigger right in here. If I die it flies. Impregnable, unstoppable, three minutes to impact -- and the sun supernovas. With my last heartbeat this glitch-in-time called life comes to a burning hellacious end. Is that a power-trip or what?
(smiles)
Olivia Presteign can do any-fucking-thing she wants.

Gully's frozen now, unsure of his course. Olivia senses it.

OLIVIA
Ooh, trepidation, uncertainty... complicated emotions for the big dumb mechanic.
(reaches out, finds his hands)
Feel the callous on those grimy hands. Why don't you wrap them around my throat and break my imperious neck... Come on, I've lived my whole life in the dark, maybe you'd like to be responsible for the whole solar system joining me!

JISBELLA
Gully get away from her!

Gully backs away, controlling his rage. Olivia feels his retreat, goes after him.

OLIVIA
No he wants to kill me, he's wanted to since his little troll Wanda bit it on the Nomad. But he can't, no matter how big that rage of his is, he can't do a goddamn thing!

Olivia laughs in Gully's face. Jisbella sees his stigmata flaring.

JISBELLA
Stay away from her, Gully!

OLIVIA
(mocks)
"Stay away from her, stay away from her..." I don't think he wants to, I think he's moving up the food chain. Started with Wanda, stepped up to you, not very far, and now he's staring at the queen.
(turns to Gully)
You want to kill somebody, Mr. Foyle, kill her. Prove you deserve a place in my new kingdom. Go on, kill your space-slut...

Olivia's voice gets drowned by a primal ROAR. Jisbella sees Gully charging, stigmata flaring full, screams.

JISBELLA
No, GULLY!!

But Gully's oblivious to Jiz, the fate of humanity. Lifts Olivia Presteign in his powerful arms. Covers the distance to the balcony in three big strides.

OLIVIA

Flails furious. But Gully doesn't even feel it. Just raises her over his head, sixty-five stories above the earth, and hurls the blind black widow SHRIEKING into the night.

Jisbella stumbles up alongside Gully, grips the rail horrified, stares down helpless.

OLIVIA'S BODY

Topples end over end, down and down. We see something waiting below... a swimming pool.

Jisbella sees the waters, crosses her fingers on the rail.

BUT OLIVIA

Misses the pool by a foot -- KA-RUNNCCHHHH! -- dies a bone-shattering death on the concrete deck.

GULLY

Stares quiet, unmoving. Jiz mumbles.

JISBELLA
Probably shouldn't have done that, Spaceman...

GULLY
(low)
Maybe she was bluffing.

A RUMBLE turns their gaze to the massive letters on the compound's wall, they see it rising out of the I in PRESTEIGN.

THE STARKILLER

Gaining speed fast, rocketing up, starting to bend, its guiding eye looking for the nearest star.

ON THE BALCONY

Gully watches numb after it, hears Jiz wail.

JISBELLA
Oh, Gully... We were supposed to stop it, not launch it!

But Gully doesn't seem to hear, he's sensing something flickering behind him... He turns slow, and sees him.

THE BURNING MAN

Only there's something wrong with him, he seems to be cracked, refracted... because he's only a reflection in the busted mirror. A reflection of Gully Foyle.

Gully closes his eyes a long moment, a profound awareness dawning over him. He squeezes Jiz tight, whispers.

GULLY
Would you do me a favor?

JISBELLA
(sniffles)
Sure, why not, we're all cooked anyway.

GULLY
(touches her belly)
Name her Wanda.

Jisbella looks up unsure, Gully wipes a tear from her eye.

GULLY
You're not barren anymore. I've seen our daughter, she's gonna be a lovely little girl.

JISBELLA
...I don't understand.

GULLY
I'm the Burning Man, Jiz, and I've seen our little girl.

Jiz looks to her stomach, dares hope.

JISBELLA
...I have been puking a lot.

GULLY
(manages a smile)
Kiss me, Jisbella, I've gotta catch a StarKiller.

JISBELLA
You're... coming back, right?

GULLY
I don't think so.

JISBELLA
But I was kind of getting used to you being around, I mean you'd make such a good father. You need a little work, but who doesn't...

GULLY
Jiz...

JISBELLA
You can't leave me all alone, Gully, it's a shitty world to be a single parent in...

GULLY
It's about to get better.

Jisbella stops, something in Gully's voice makes her believe it. They stare at each other a long moment, she takes a deep breath.

JISBELLA
...Great, finally fall in love with a guy and he's gotta go save the stinking human race.

Jisbella reaches up, kisses Gully hard and long. He pulls her tighter and tighter...

AND HIS HANDS START TO SWIRL

Dissolve away into molecular streams, then his arms...

THEN ALL OF GULLY FOYLE

Disintegrates into particles that shoot up off the balcony, race away into the night sky.

Jisbella feels him gone, opens her eyes. Stares out into the infinite depths of space. Whispers.

JISBELLA
Go, Spaceman, go.

A SOUND wells up, a wild reckless RUSH. And we...

CUT INTO:

THE VORTEX

Of time-space, smashing past in a disconnected spiral of blurred images. One leaps out, takes shape. And we find ourselves looking down at...

DOMINOS FLOATING IN SPACE

PTOLEMY, maybe thirty, plays with an eight-year-old EINSTEIN. But a flickering light lifts their gazes past the game.

Einstein bounds off scared. But Ptolemy just stares at us, trying to understand...

We reach out a flaming finger, tap the nearest domino. They fall like tumblers, one knocking the next.

Ptolemy catches the last one, stares at the burned-in shape... WHOOSSHHH!

CUT BACK TO:

THE VORTEX

Another image spirals out. Surrounds us in raging flames. The forest firestorm on Venus. We find Gully and Jiz trapped helpless in the conflagration.

Then Gully looks up at us, blinks unsure. Lifts Jiz in his arms, runs straight for us...

CUT BACK INTO:

THE VORTEX

Squeezing down, faster and faster... We blaze past Castle Presteign... getting wrecking-balled to ruin.

Jisbella sits in a grassy meadow, watching the walls come down. A darling little girl plays beside -- Gully's Daughter from his dream.

She senses something her mother doesn't, turns. Waves like she knows us. We wave back with a burning hand. WHOOSSHH!

CUT TO:

THE STARKILLER

Ripping the vortex of Gully's life to oblivion. The weapon, firing three times the speed of light, races for the burning heart of the sun. But something's catching up to it.

THE SPIRAL OF LIFE

That's Gully Foyle. His stream of molecules lashes onto the weapon, collects itself. Forms hands and arms... burning even as it does.

GULLY

Becomes whole, grips the weapon tight, claws at its aiming eye. Trying to change its course, keep it from its destiny.

But there's no panel, no way in. And Gully's mass is burning up, the flaming fingers of the sun sucking the weapon in.

Then it comes to him, brings peace to Gully's face. He closes his eyes, knowing what to do.

AND IT HAPPENS

The StarKiller does what Gully did, molecularly decomposes the instant before it reaches the daystar...

CUT TO:

A CANDLE

The last one still burning in the tool locker Gully called home. It's dying down, we can barely read the etched words...

POEM
...Deep space is my dwelling place
And death's my destination.

The candle dies. Out the little portal we see it. Streaking down, taking shape in the black void.

THE STARKILLER

And on it, a burning man riding it like a bucking bronco.

GULLY FOYLE

Raises an arm, steers the rocket hellbent into the graveyard of spacewrecks, right for the ship he should've died on.

KAAAAAA-BOOOOOOOMMMMMM!

White hot blazing shards of the asteroid blow past us, rip the heavens to chaos... but it doesn't last.

The flames burn down, the cosmic dust slowly settles, leaves us looking at...

THE PLANETS

Of the solar system, orbiting unharmed and eternal around the burning ball that gives them life.

We move down, see the planets are but diminutive holograms of the real thing. We're in the massive conference hall of...

THE GALACTIC U.N.

The DELEGATIONS of the nine planets, divided Inner and Outer, watch President Jones of Earth step to the podium.

PRESIDENT JONES
Today, two roadblocks to peace, Colonel Dagenham of the Outer Planets, and the family Presteign of the Inner, are no longer with us. Let us hope that whatever afterlives they reach, there'll be platoons of dead soldiers waiting to kick their duplicitous asses across eternity.

Laughter on both sides releases the tension. Jones lifts up a thick document.

JONES
I hold in my hand a treaty, signed sealed and delivered, to once and forever put an end to this solar war!

A delegate from Mars stands CLAPPING. Nepture's next. It spreads like wildfire. Members from both sides, every planet, rise to the occasion.

Their APPLAUSE rings to the vaulted ceiling high above, where we see him through the glass. Hovering in the dark, in the gray area between time and space.

THE BURNING MAN

Once known as Gulliver Foyle flickers in approval. Then vanishes into the sequelian future.

FADE OUT: